

FREE TAKE THAT! BICYCLE SEAT COVER INSIDE

Issue 70

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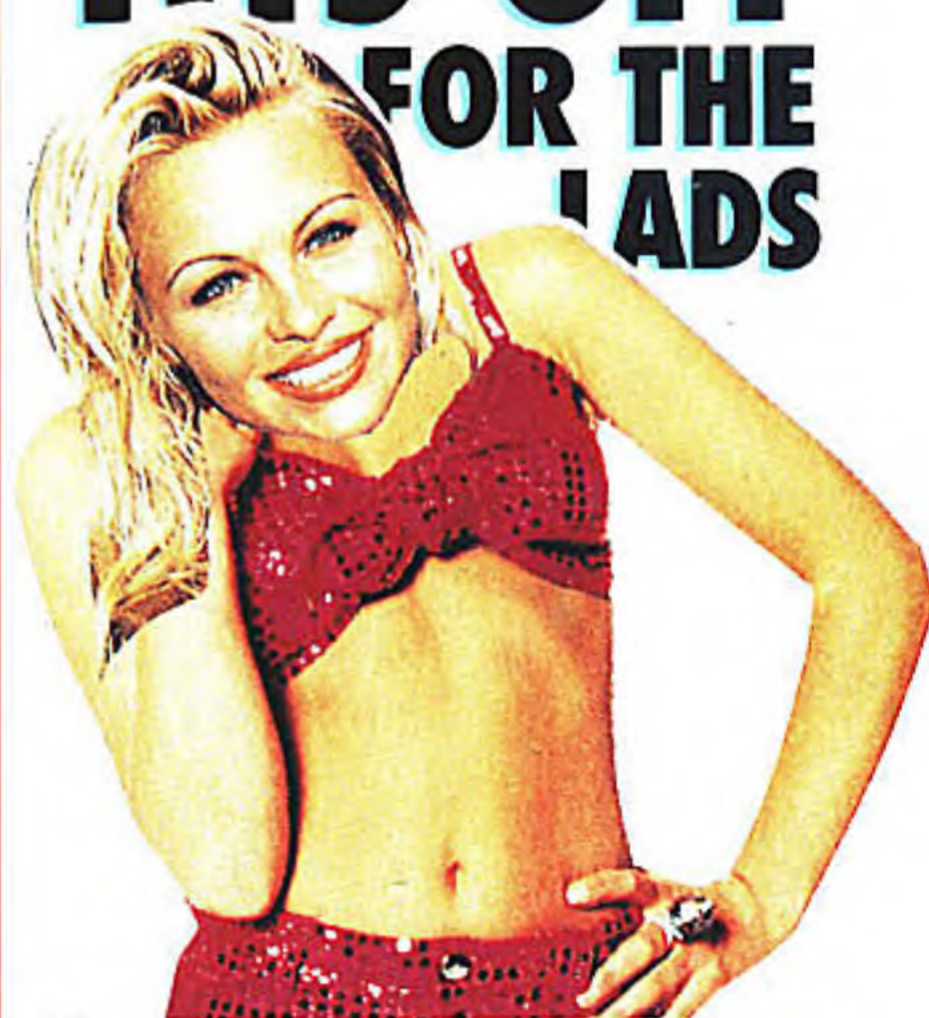
COCKNEY WANKER
STUDENT GRANT ★ FAT SLAGS
ROGER MELLIE ★ SID THE SEXIST
Plus PAUL WHICKER THE TALL VICAR!

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Girls! It's your
big chance to sit
on our faces!



TITS OFF FOR THE LADS



Baywatch beauty Pam
in knocker shocker!

HOLLYWOOD HIGHS!



You won't believe
some of the things
the stars stick
up their arses

ISSN 0952-7966



TAKE THAT!

Instructions
on
page 51

Sheila
loves
doughnut
~~TRUE~~
false
Susan
does.
(True)

BIG
CUT
EM

SEAT COVER



Rob

m
H
True

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Any contributions should be sent to this address. Send only photocopies, and no original artwork etc. as we will lose it. Please don't send any crap. If your contributions are any good, please mark your envelope 'Susan - Don't throw this one out'.

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Prince and the porker

Throughout history Princes have always married the most beautiful girl in the Kingdom. Just look at Snow White, Cinderella, and Rumpelstiltskin. But not our Prince of Wales.

First he marries a beanstalk, and his brother gets hitched to the back end of a horse. More like a pantomime than a fairytale so far. And there's no sign of a happy ending. For now, having kicked Diana into touch, our future King is knocking off a porker.

You're not supposed to marry them, Charles. You're supposed to huff, and puff, and blow their houses down.

Frankly I think someone's already taken Camilla to the ball. *And it looks like the Princess, not the carriage, got turned into a pumpkin.*

Flavour of the month

I have every sympathy for the young lawyer who lost his job simply because he was convicted of rape. He has become the victim of fashion. Nowadays you only have to have sex with a woman against her will and some nutcase somewhere will be screaming "rape!".

It's the flavour of the month

Lawyers are not the only ones affected. *In this age of 'PC' a dentist only has to fondle a female patient's breasts and he's up in the dock before the anaesthetic's worn off.*

Soup of the Day

Another thing these moaning minnies complain about is sexual discrimination at work. Well it's little wonder women are under-achieving, when their bosses aren't allowed to give them any encouragement.

Pat your secretary on the arse nowadays, or feel her tits a bit, and you're accused of sexual harrasment.

It's the soup of the day.



Charlie Pontoon
He pulls no punches

Yet after winning her court case the same woman would be straight off to see The Chippendales, and spend the whole evening trying to get her hand inside their loin cloths.

Sale of the Century

Veals don't hurt us, so why should we hurt them? That's the tired argument trotted out by these long haired drug addict animal rights protestors every time we export a few veals to France.

Well you try telling that to a farmer whose just had his finger bitten by a veal. They may be cuddly and cute to look at, but you wouldn't catch me in a cage with one.

These animals are dangerous. We're far better off without them. *And if the French are stupid enough to buy them, that's their business.*

Tortoise 'was small'

A Fulchester man's tortoise was so small an R.S.P.C.A. inspector was able to fit it in a matchbox, a court heard yesterday.

Gas fitter, Brian Simpkins, 46, pleaded guilty to a charge of keeping a small tortoise, and was fined £6. He was also banned from keeping a tortoise for 20 years. Simpkins had asked for nine similar

offences of keeping small animals to be taken into consideration.

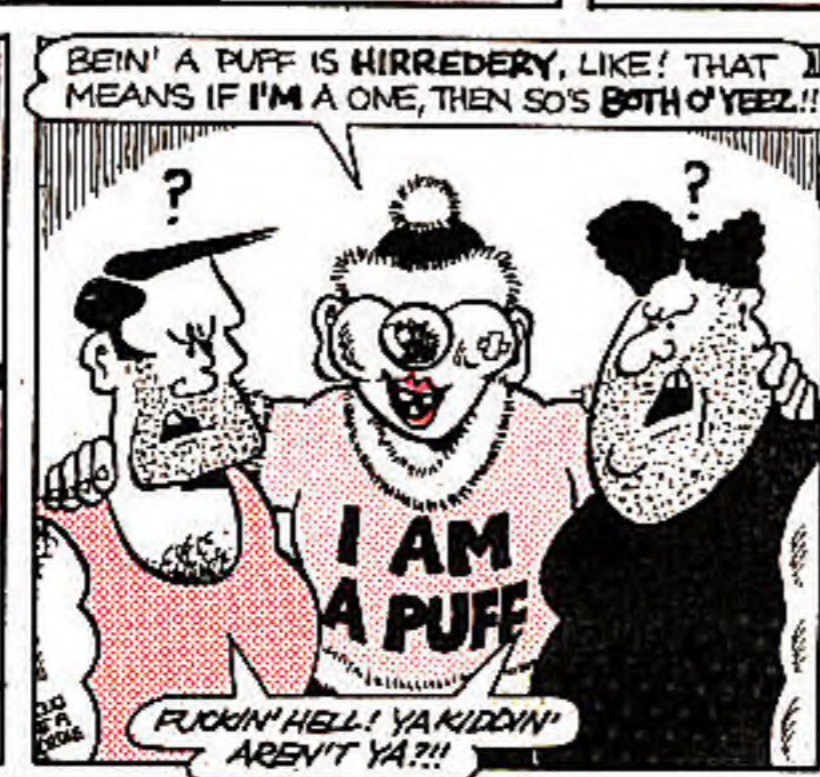
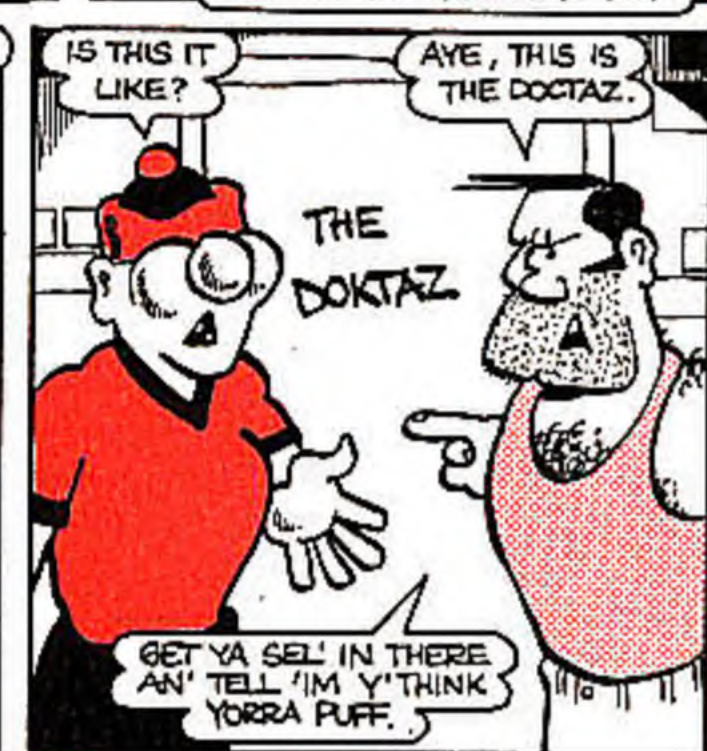
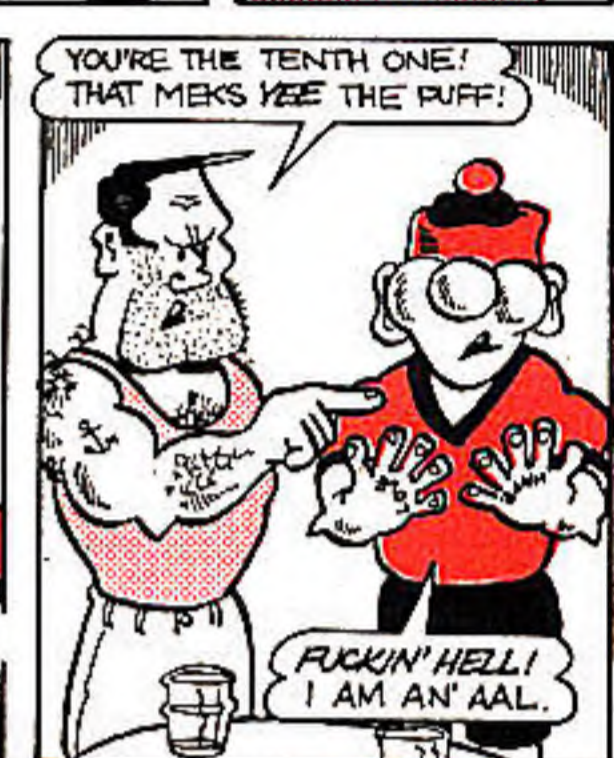
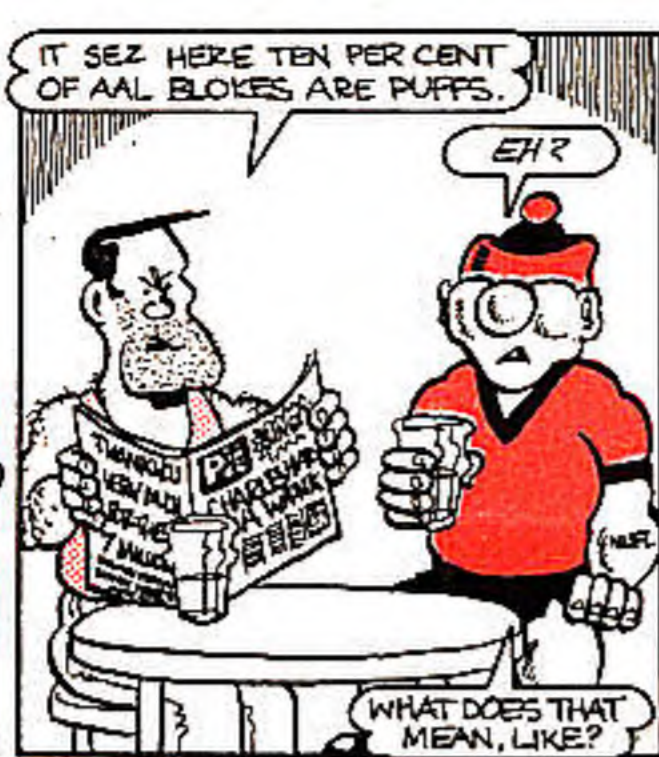
SHOEBOX

The tortoise has since made a full recovery and now fits into a shoebox.

Our Wardrobe's a Teacher



BIFFA BACON



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tVATs

Why have the Government gone soft and let the pensioners off paying VAT on their fuel bills? They could easily afford it. If they're that hard up, how come there's always a queue of them in our local corner shop waiting to spend their tax free pensions on lottery tickets and boiled sweets?

V Parade
Charlton

Missing Sid

I noticed that Sid the Sexist was listed among the contents on the cover of issue 69, yet he was nowhere to be seen inside. And a quick flick through this issue has already revealed a total absence of Paul Whicker, despite the fact that he, too, is mentioned on the cover. Is there an explanation for these misleading cover references, or is it some sort of smart arse game for sad bastards, like the 'Spinal messages' on Q magazine?

B Park
Oldham

**Mr Park was one of several readers who spotted Sid the Sexist's omission from the last issue. Our glossy cover is printed several days before the rest of the magazine. In the case of issue 69 'Sid the Sexist' was due to appear in the magazine, but was not finished in time and had to be replaced at the last minute.*

The reference to Paul Whicker on the cover of this issue is more easily explained. We do not have any new Paul Whicker cartoons, however we felt a downright misleading reference to this popular character on the cover may help increase sales in the traditionally quiet month of February.

Letterbooks
The Viz
P.O. Box 1PT
Newcastle upon Tyne
NE99 1PT

Hunnier than it used to be

More evidence that Viz isn't funny any more (as if it were needed): You've got krautts reading it. (Herr Dorff's letter, issue 69). And as for no Germans wearing the nazi symbol... I suppose those 600,000 fuckers at the Nuremberg rallies were all hired by Hitler's PR agent.

B Agnes
Dallas, Texas

I agree with Mr Parade of Charlton (Letterbooks, this issue). Old people should be taxed to the hilt. They've spent half their lives picking fights with Germany, started two World Wars, and then they expect to sit back and get cheap central heating while we sort out the bloody mess they've got the county into.

B Crescent
Hull

I spotted the enclosed clipping in a local Staffordshire newspaper. I wonder if the farmer involved is the real Farmer Palmer?

Do I win £5?
Michael Osborne
Stafford

My grandson, who is twelve, visited me on Christmas Day. He can read, write, and during the two hours he was here he didn't steal a penny, and never so much as laid a finger on me. It just goes to show. You shouldn't believe everything you read about young people in the newspapers.

Mrs R Park
Sunderland

In reply to D. S. Jackson and D. C. Cobham's letter (issue 69) regarding jobs that are spoonerisms of favourite breakfast cereals. We are store detectives at the local Co-operative Society department store, i.e. Co-op cops, and our favourite breakfast cereal is Coco Pops.

I believe somebody owes us £5.

The Store Detectives
c/o Local Co-op Store

**Fuck off.*

Money for nothing

I told my bank manager I was in dire straits. The following day a letter arrived offering me a personal loan of £5,000. There had been some confusion. I was of course referring to the band 'Dire Straits', of which I am the lead singer.

Mark Knopfler
Some big fucking house somewhere

'Catchphrase' host Roy Walker is constantly telling contestants to "Say what you see". So why isn't every answer "A smug Irish cunt"?

J Taylor
Oxford

Farmer spotted legs sticking out of hole

A FIELD sports enthusiast was found head-first down a badger sett, a court was told.

Farmer Arthur Palmer saw a pair of legs sticking out of a hole in the ground on his land at Norbury, near Stafford, and called crawling into the sett, but said it was only to try to

By Sentinel Reporter

BEAT Cancer

Preferably with a parachute, after expert training and with as many sponsors backing you as you can find. The money you raise could eventually help us beat cancer. So register now for your first FREE parachute descent.

Jump

OUT OF A PLANE

Please rush me a video and information on:- ☐ Parachuting ☐ Tandem Skydiving
The above events are FREE if you achieve a sponsorship target figure.

Name Address
Postcode
Telephone Signature Age

Please supply the above details for each participant and enclose a £2.50 registration fee per person. Cheques/POs made payable to Fliteline Sponsored Events.

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If you have fuck all to say, write and tell us anyway. (Every other cunt does)

Chicks for free

Well I spotted this clipping in my local paper. I wonder whether the idiot involved is the real Terry Fuckwitt?
Do I win £5?

F Street
Leicester

They say that there's 'one law for the rich and another for the poor'. That's very true. Yesterday I stopped a millionaire in a Rolls Royce and fined him for speeding under the 1985 Road Traffic Act. A few hours later I arrested a vagrant for urinating in a public place, within the scope of the 1988 Public Order Act.

P. C. Molineaux
Wolverhampton

Whilst on a cycling holiday in the Chilterns recently I stopped to take this picture outside the rather amusingly titled 'Bell End Farm'.

Do I win £5?
Tony Silver
Newbury

***Fuck off**

I refer to Mark Knopfler's letter (letterbocks, this issue). I am his bank manager, and can assure him there has been no confusion. I am well aware he is a multi millionaire, otherwise I would not have offered to lend him any money. As with all bank managers, I only lend money to people who don't actually need it. Anyone who walks into my office in genuine dire financial straits can jolly well fuck off straight back out the door.

A Git
Midland Bank

Driver went round round-a-bout the rong way

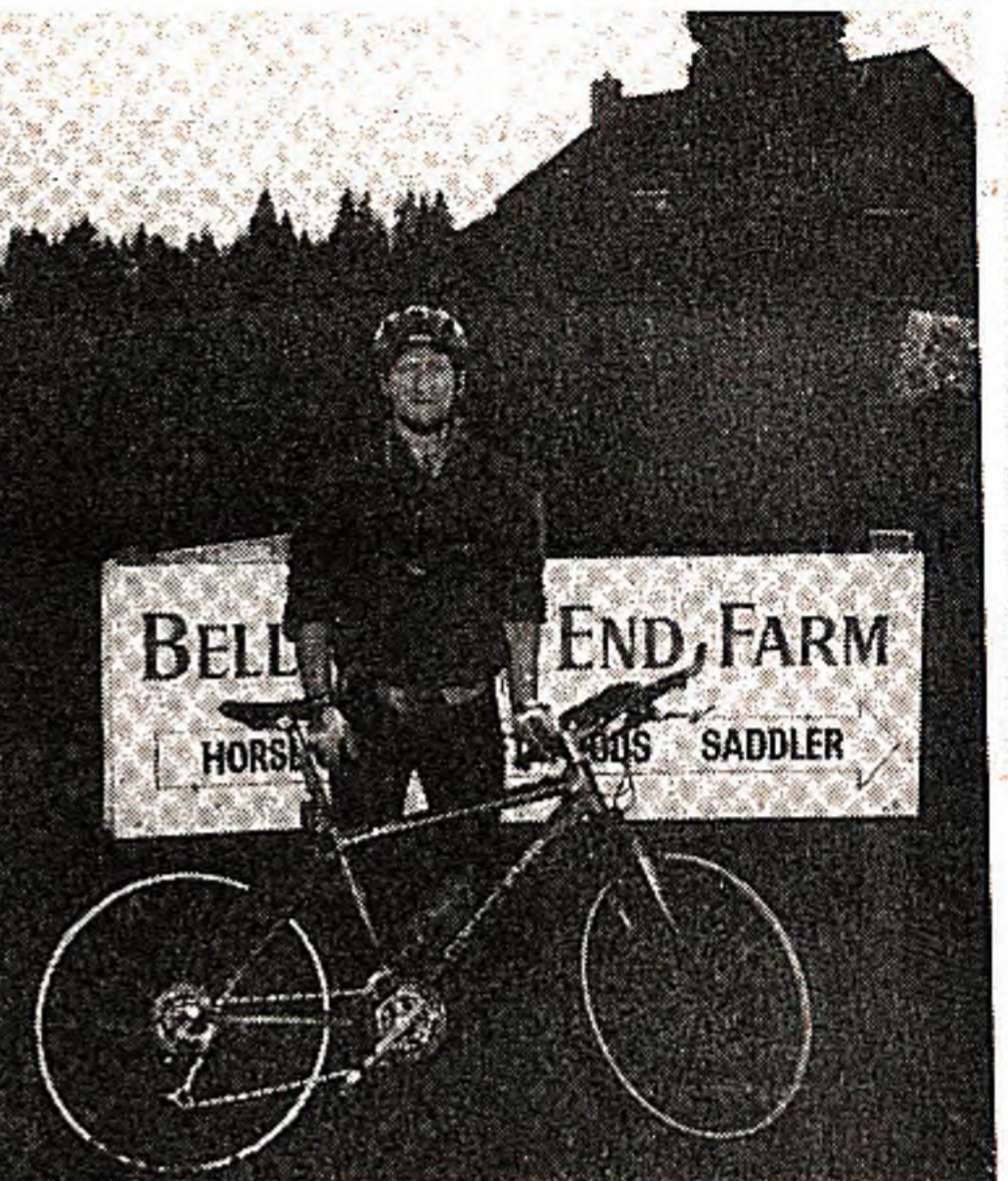
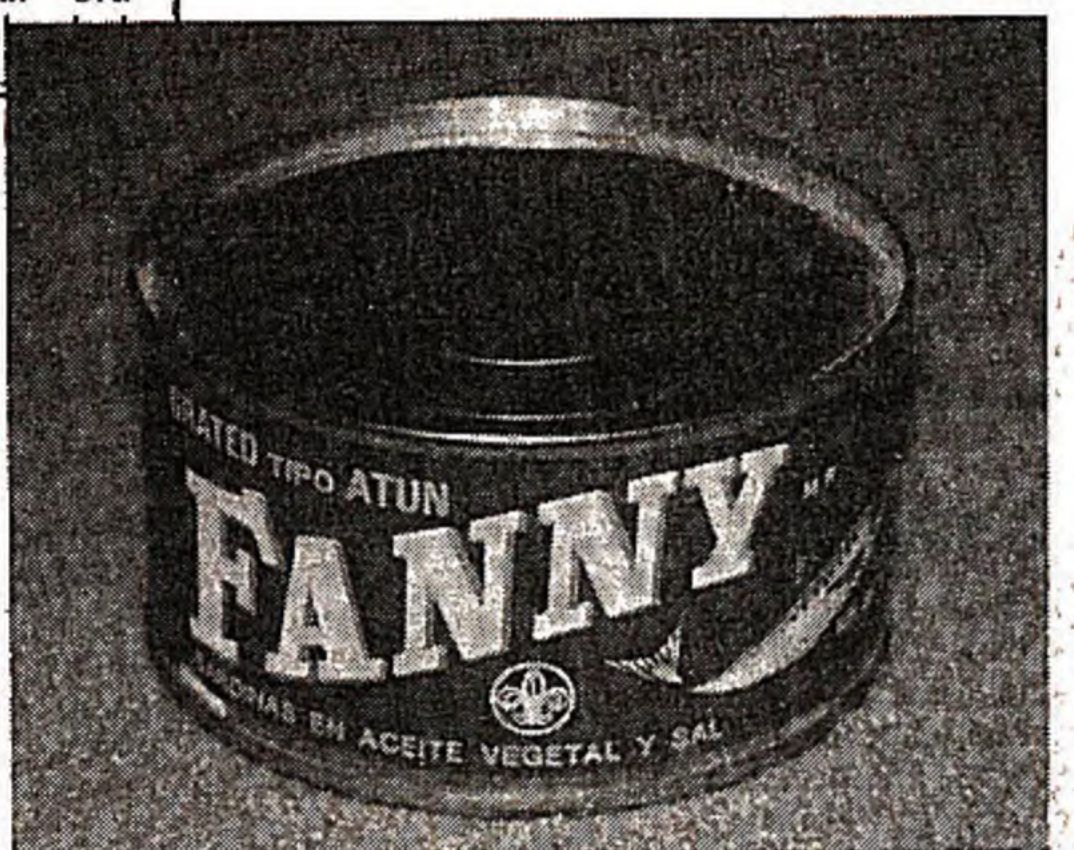
A motorist who drove the wrong way round a round-a-bout and then parked his car in a flower bed was yesterday banned from driving for 6 months by magistrates.

Terence Fuckwitt, of Tillmount Caravan Park, a 19 year old unemployed milkman, pleaded guilty and asked for sixty

***Fuck off**

Politically correct males may scoff at the suggestion that fanny smells like fish. Well this fanny certainly did. It was a tin of tuna, purchased by a climbing expedition in Peru. After making enquiries at the local fish and chip shop we were disappointed to find that Fanny was not available with batter.

Richard Mavor
Lyneham, Wilts.



If Prince Charles thinks he drew a short straw with Diana, he should try taking a look at the 4 foot 7 inch, 13 stone 'Princess' I managed to get myself hitched to. Diana may have her faults, but I know which one I'd rather be knocking me nail into.

O Trafford
Manchester

They say that policemen are getting smaller. I don't think so. I think its just their helmets that are getting bigger. Often they are so large that officers have to wander around with their nose pointing up in the air in order to see where they're going. It's no wonder crime is on the increase when half of Britain's police force cannot see a thing.

Mr S Bridge
Knightsbridge

Basket case

I am sick to death of people saying 'don't put all your eggs in one basket'. I am 94, have an arthritic hip, and only have one basket. The local corner shop is half a mile away. Do these people seriously expect me to make two return journeys every time I purchase half a dozen eggs?

Mrs C Waters
Maidenhead

Loved the picture of Fish out of Marillion's cock. Any chance of seeing it again - but bigger?

E. Wood-Park
Blackburn

***Yes**



**Letterbocks
continues**



Letterbocks...

Scientists tell us that fumes from the growing number of cars on Britain's roads are adding to the problem of 'global warming'. And pedestrians complain that traffic fumes pollute the air. You'd think these people - especially pedestrians - would be grateful to us motorists for helping warm the planet during this particularly cold winter spell.

P. U. Johns
Trafalgar

DON'T waste your money on Christmas singles this year. Come December just listen to normal singles, and shake some sleigh bells towards the end of the record.

F Park
Portsmouth

FLATULENT people. Always keep a 'Whoopie Cushion' in your back pocket. As you're about to fart, simply sit down, then produce the cushion from behind you whilst laughing childishly.

C Ground
Nottingham

FELLAS. Avoid pissing on the lavatory floor during the night after an evening of heavy drinking by nailing a pair of slippers to the floor directly in front of the toilet. Later, when you roll out of bed and stagger into the bathroom, simply slide your feet into the slippers and voila! You're in the perfect position for a piss.

Mr I Stadium
Gateshead

P.S. For bowking assume a kneeling position with your knees in the slippers.

PRETEND you've reached the 'Eliminator' stage on Gladiators by running the wrong way up an escalator in Marks and Spencers.

P.W.
Merseyside

TAKE £100 with you every time you visit a cashpoint. If the machine refuses to give you any money, avoid embarrassment by pretending to remove this wad from the machine, then walk away smiling.

Waz
Liverpool

A DROP of whisky rubbed regularly into woodworm infected furniture will make the woodworms too drunk to have sex, and therefore unable to reproduce.

N.M.
Anfield Plain

SAVE a fortune on expensive hotel breakfasts by keeping a few rashers of streaky bacon, or a couple of kippers, in your overnight bag. Pop them into the trouser press provided before you go to bed, and wake up to the aroma of freshly grilled bacon, or smoked kippers.

Derrick Carleton
Penrith

CARDBOARD hats worn by McDonalds staff make ideal canoes for guinea pigs. And the plastic tea stirrers are perfect oars.

A. E. Greenall
Liverpool 12

MOTORISTS. If your brakes fail whilst driving at speed release your bonnet catch. The raised bonnet will provide vital wind resistance and help slow down the vehicle.

V. Ground
Hartlepool

MOTORISTS. If your brakes fail whilst reversing, open all your car doors, and if possible the boot. Similarly, these will greatly increase wind resistance and help bring the vehicle to a standstill.

V. Ground
Hartlepool

LAST year's 'Mutant Ninja Turtle' figures, painted red or blue, make ideal 'Power Rangers'.

A.E.
Liverpool 12

GIVE your house that 'city centre car park' feel by putting 'P' and 'NO SPACES' signs on the front door, and inviting tramps in to urinate down your stairs.

D.U.
Hong Kong

STUDENTS. When visiting the cinema ensure that a long queue has formed behind you and that the cashier has already issued a full price ticket before you ask for a student discount.

A cinema manager
Berkshire

P.S. Oh, and while I'm on, don't forget to pay with a fucking credit card.

SATELLITE TV bosses. Save a fortune in broadcasting costs by switching off the Adult Channel at five past midnight. There's no point in broadcasting the remaining 3 hours and 55 minutes of porn. After five minutes all your viewers have already lost their mess, switched off and gone to bed.

Mr Highbury
Woolwich

MOTORISTS. Ring up John Major's innovative 'Cones Hotline' and order a Flake '99' with raspberry sauce and hundreds and thousands on it.

N. McArthur
Uxbridge

HITCHCOCK fans. Glue breadcrumbs to a climbing frame in your garden, then sit on a bench with your back to it. Once the frame is covered in birds, try making a run for the house.

P. Todrie
Aberdeen

AVOID the expense of buying cashew nuts by soaking ordinary salted peanuts in boiling water overnight. By the morning they will be soft and suitably tasteless, and can easily be bent into the characteristic 'boomerang' shape by tying weights to either end and balancing the nut on the sharp edge of a ruler.

John Tait
Morpeth

HITCHCOCK fans. Offer to make your wife a sandwich, then drill a hole in the bedroom wall and watch her getting into the shower.

P. Todrie
Aberdeen

EMPTY pot pourri bags make ideal 'sacks' for mouse sack races.

A.G. Greenall
Liverpool 12

MAKE the postman think you are sexually active by opening the door each morning looking tired, but grinning broadly.

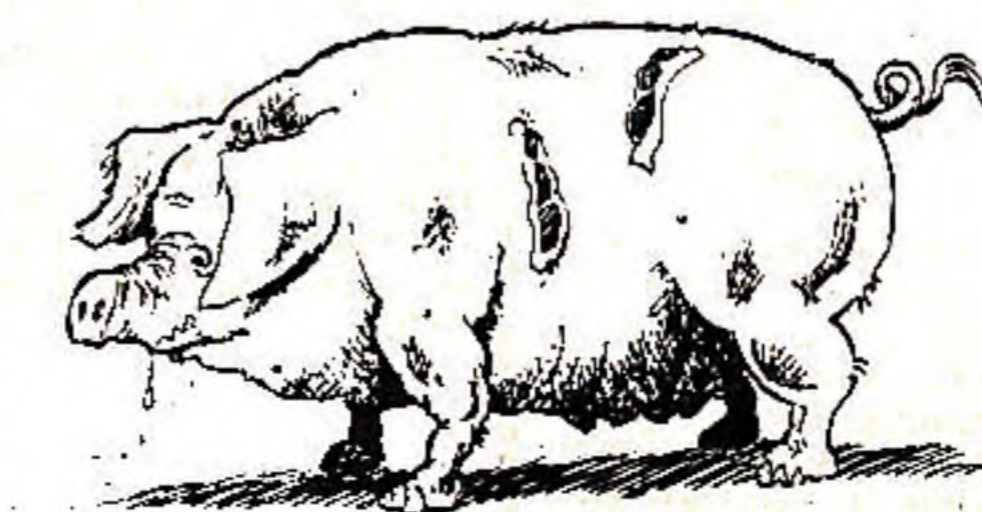
Andrew Petrie
Kidderminster

A COCKTAIL stick, marble and a key ring make the perfect javelin, shot putt and hammer for your rodent decathlon.

A. E. Greenall
Liverpool 12

MINOR skin grafts can be performed on pigs by covering any cuts and grazes with thin strips of bacon.

Phil Wasey
Liverpool



It's a lottery

The cynics say that the odds of winning the National Lottery are about 14 million to one. What they tend to forget is that you only need to win it once. Enter every week, and you're bound to win it eventually.

Mr I Brocks
Glasgow

So, tough guy actor Bob Hoskins tells us we have to phone our parents more often. Oh yeah? And if we don't, what's that short arse little twat going to do about it?

Well I have no intention of ringing my parents. So perhaps the cockney hard man would care to drag his dumpy little slack actor's arse round my house and 'sort me out'. Come on then. I'm waiting, you little no-neck bastard.

S Andrews
Birmingham



Bob Hoskins

If Windsor Castle catches fire, it belongs to the nation, and we must pay to have it fixed. But when they discover oil under the bastard, it's suddenly the Queen's. As far as I'm concerned she can keep her oil. And she can stick her fucking castle up her arse.

N Den
Millwall



A 'Dish of the Day' yesterday

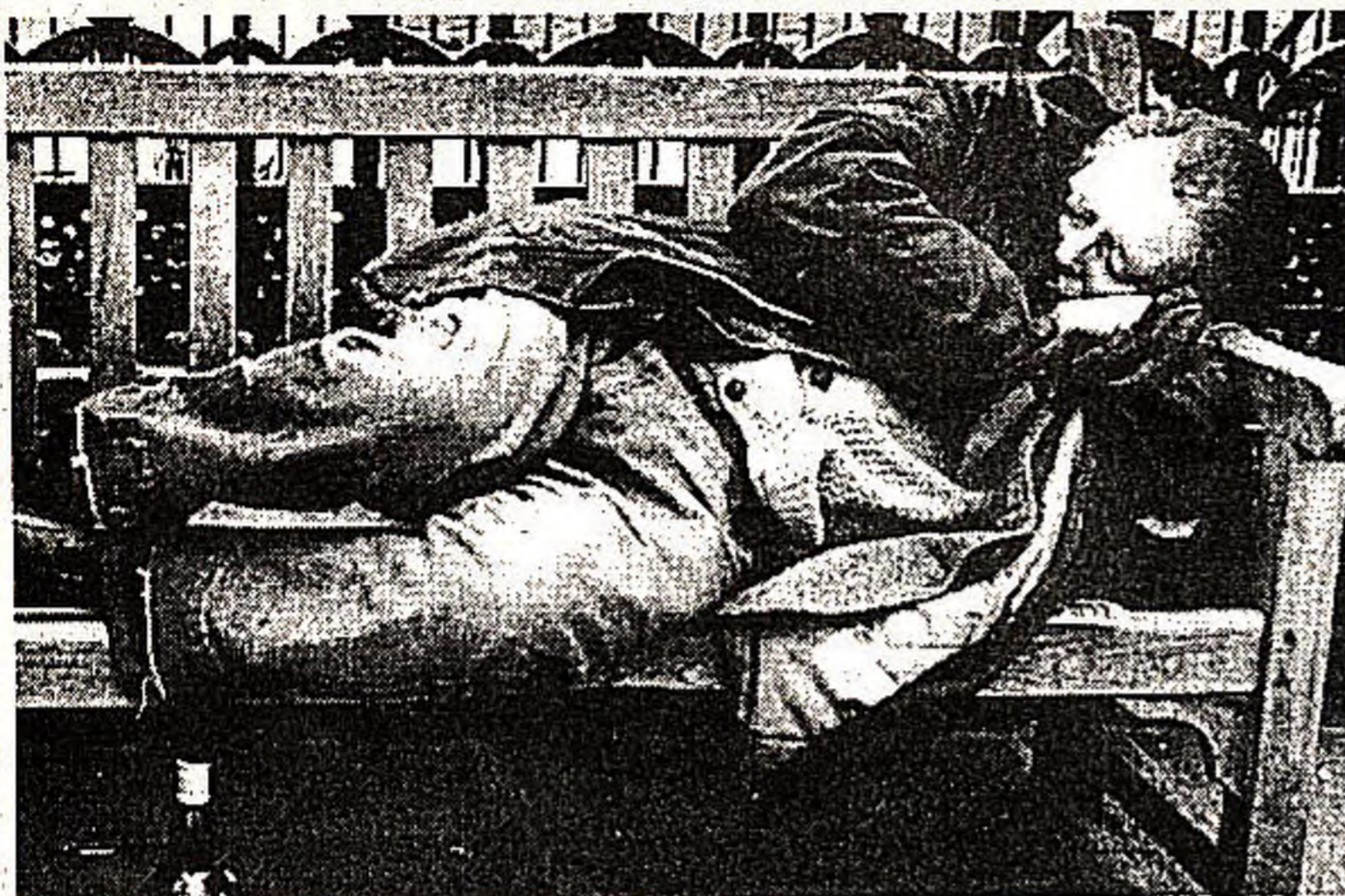
SMOKERS. Save £££s every year on matches and cigarette lighters by simply lighting your cigarette with the butt of your previous one.

T. O'Meara
Brighton

TINNED sweetcorn fans. Save yourself the bother of wiping your arse by emptying the tin straight into the toilet.

T.O.
Sussex

Things Ant what they used to be



Once he marched up the pop charts, the proud leader of an 'insect nation' of fans. King of the pop frontier, Adam Ant had the world at his feet.

Boutique owners stood and delivered as Adam spent his cash on looking flash, forking out millions on lavish pirate clothes and Red Indian make up.

DANDY
But now it's all gone bad for the former goody two shoes of pop. The hits dried up some time ago. Gone are the rich pop pickings this dandy highwayman plundered. His mask, and his millions, have slipped away. And now he's just another gen-

PICTURE EXCLUSIVE

tleman of the road, a smelly tramp who holds up only litter bins in search of cigarette ends and a bite to eat.

BEANO
Pals of the former millionaire admit that Ant, now 62, is in a bad way. "He

says he's working on a new album, but in reality he doesn't know where the next cup of tea is coming from", said one former pal yesterday.

SPARKY
Meanwhile neighbours at the squalid park bench Ant shares with other down - and - outs were shocked to hear they had a celebrity living next door.

TOPPER
"Adam who? I've never heard of him. He just looks like another pathetic old tramp who's always wetting his trousers to me", one lady told us.

'NO NOOKIE' FOR CHARLES

Prince of Wales faces bonking ban

A Middlesbrough housewife yesterday slapped a 'no nookie' ban on the Prince of Wales.

Irene Bradshaw, of Grange-town near Middlesbrough, has written to Buckingham Palace informing the Prince that her semi-detached home in Peartree Gardens is officially a 'sex-free zone' as far as he is concerned. Neither the Prince, nor his alleged mistress Camilla Parker-Bowles, will be allowed to have sex in the house, should they visit.

SEX
"I think it's terrible what he's done", she told us. "The thought of him having sex with her, in my own house, is appalling. He's a disgrace to his family, and there'll certainly be none of that carry-on under my roof".

Yarwood was vampire

Faded TV clown Mike Yarwood has spoken of his battle to beat a nightmare addiction to human blood.

"Being a vampire has ruined my career, and my marriage", he said in an interview with Caravaning Today magazine.

COFFIN
"For five years I used to live in a coffin and come out at night, searching for people to bite", he confessed.

SCHOOL FIGHT RESULTS

Heaton Comprehensive. J. Sweeney chinned P. Graham (behind the girls' tennis courts). J. Maughan kicked A. Armitage's head in (after games). L. Saint, V. Minhas, and M. Hutchins chinned C. Scott-Dixon (on the playing field). D. Cowx chinned F. Keelan (outside the gates).

BACK ISSUES!

Remember the days when Viz used to be funny? Now you can re-live those marvellous memories by buying a whole bunch of back issues. Genuine unsold copies of early editions, we are pleased to offer them for sale at £1.25 each. In many cases this is slightly more than the original cover price, but we feel that a small premium is justified by virtue of the fact that these comics are now genuine antiques. A further suspiciously round looking charge is being levied in respect of our postage costs, leaving us with a very tidy profit margin indeed.

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☐ I enclose a cheque/postal order for £..... crossed and made payable to John Brown Publishing Limited.

☐ Live for today, that's my motto. Please debit my Access/ Visa/ Mastercard/Eurocard/American Express/Diners Club/ Connect Card/Kidney Donor Card, cos it's not the same as real money.

Card No. Expiry date.....

Send this completed form (together with your cheque/PO if applicable) to Sally the imaginary Viz Subs girl, FREEPOST (SW6096), Frome, Somerset, BA11 1YA. The postage is on us, if posted in the UK. Generous or what?

Credit card orders can be made on our telephone hotline (01373) 451 777. (We regret this facility is not available to people with beige trimphones). Extra copies of each issue (sent to the same address) cost an additional £6.00 (UK) and £7.00 (Overseas). Please quote Q401 when phoning orders through.

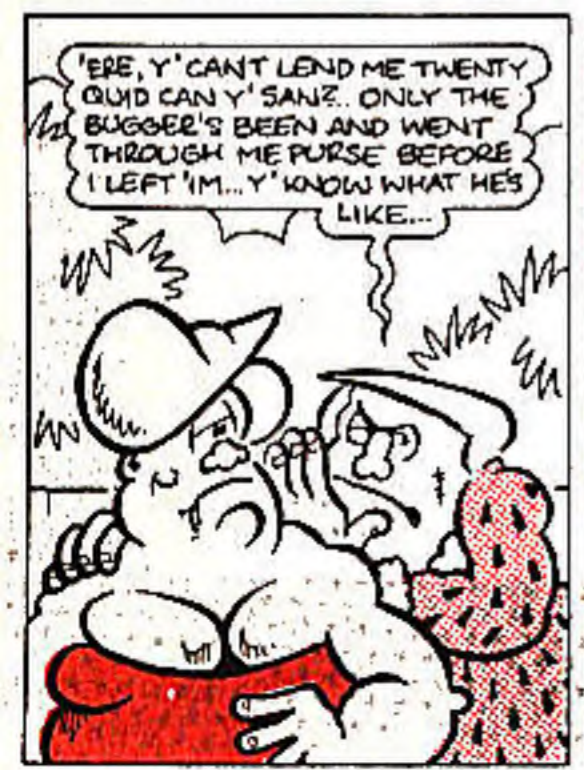
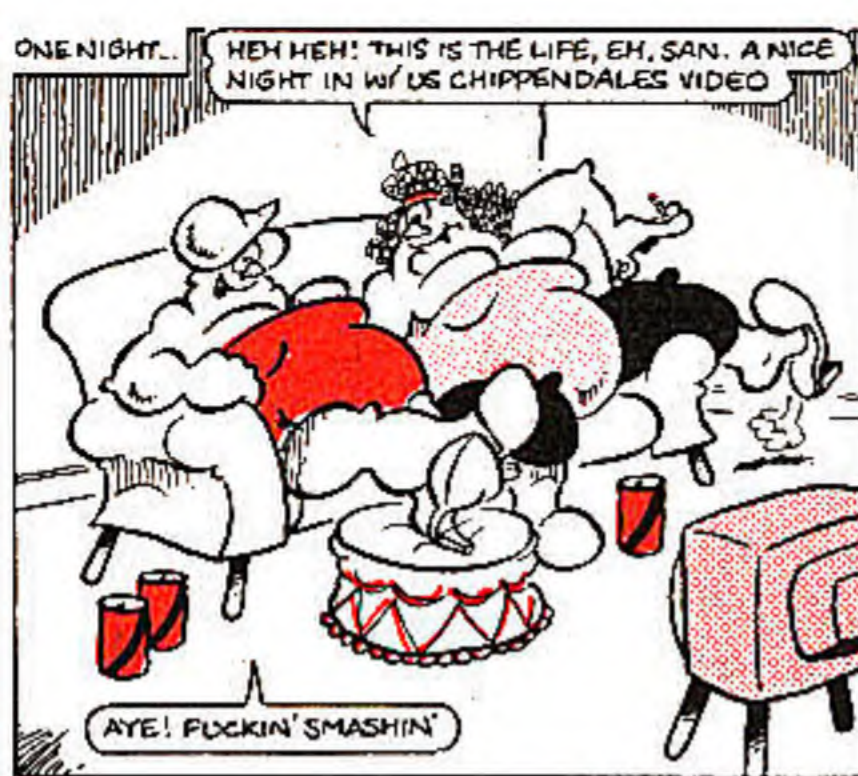
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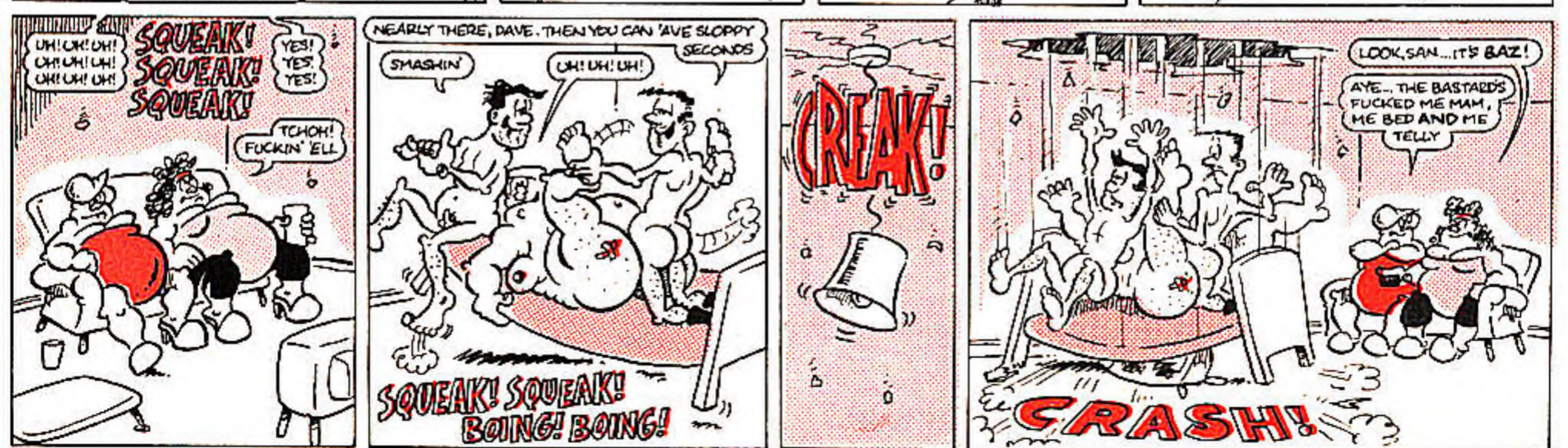
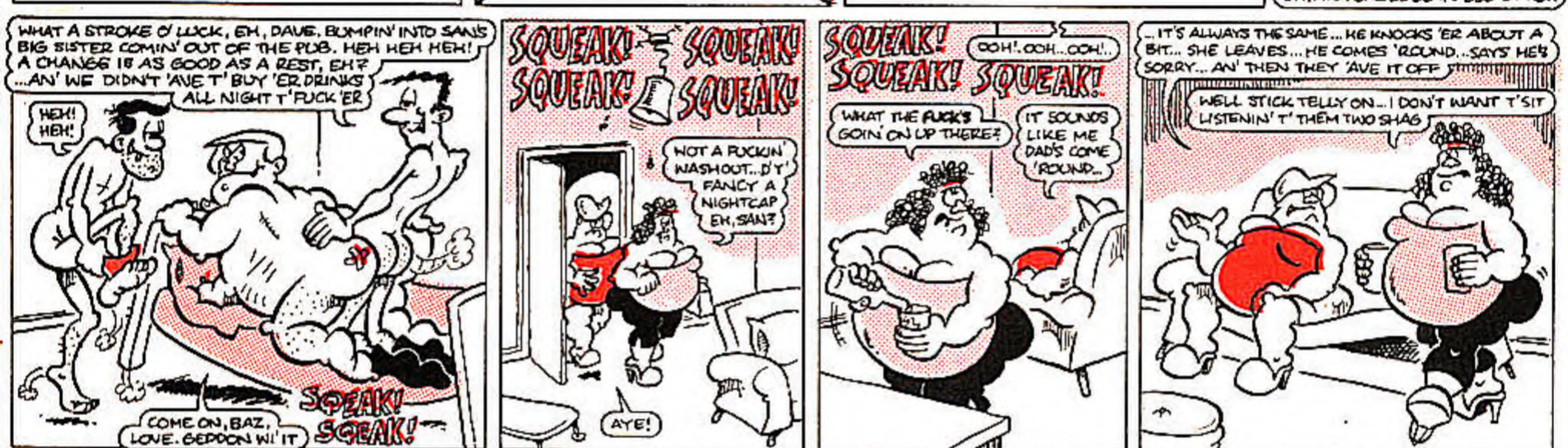
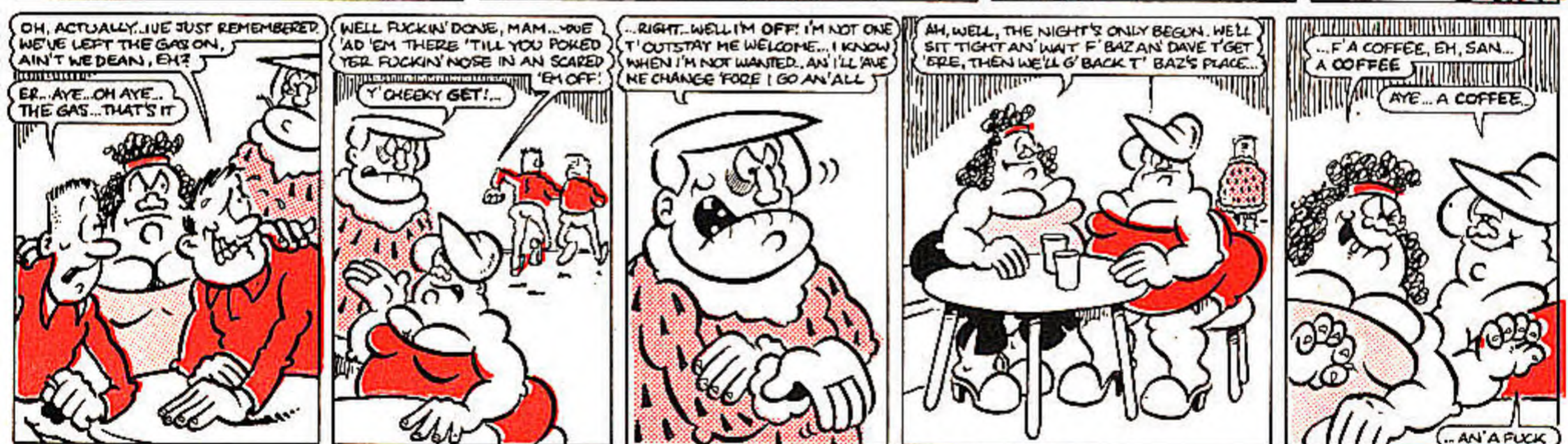
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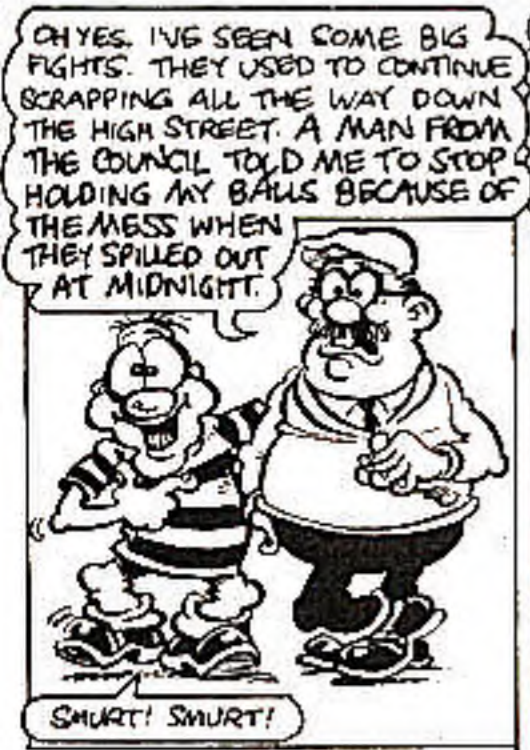
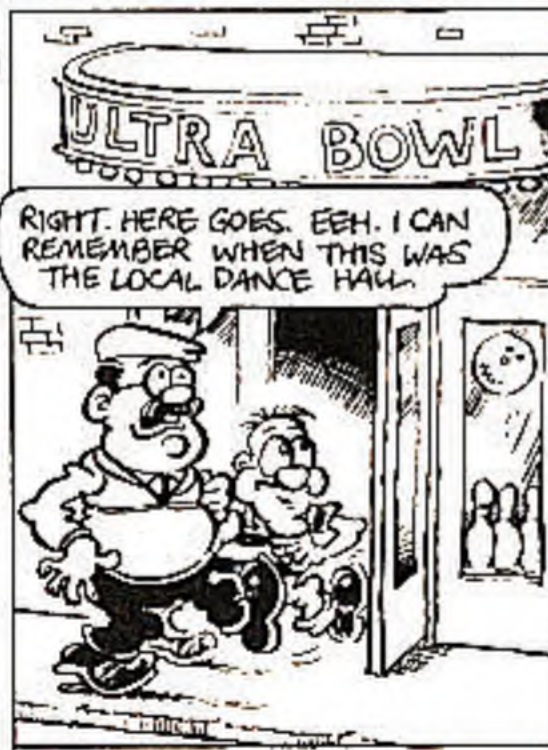
A WORD FROM YOUR LOCAL NEWSAGENT

Hello. I'm your local newsagent. If you're thinking of subscribing to Viz, please think twice before sending them your money. If you subscribe, I lose your business, and I have a family and a mortgage to worry about. I'll end up having to stock horrible bargain brand packets of biscuits, and devote even more of my shop space to racks and racks of greeting cards which cost fuck all to print, but

THE Fat Slags







BEVERLEY THRILL

Millionaire Hollywood stars bored with a life of sex and drugs are risking their lives in the search for new thrills.

In a tinsel town where money grows on trees and the streets are paved with sex and drugs, increasingly stars are becoming bored with the substances and sex acts on offer. And so they search for bigger thrills and more dangerous forms of self abuse.

In the sixties it was fashionable for pop stars to cut small holes in their testicles and inflate them with a straw in order to heighten sexual excitement. But nowadays far more bizarre sexual activity is commonplace, and as one insider revealed, one of the worst kept secrets in Hollywood involves a well known movie star, a snake and a mongoose.

COCKTAIL

"This particular star, who for legal reasons shall remain nameless, was looking to try something different. He was at a party knocking back a lethal cocktail of drink and drugs when suddenly he produced a giant snake which he swallowed alive. Then he asked his wife, Demi Moore, to shove a mongoose up his arse."

TOP GUN

"The result was spectacular, with the animals fighting violently inside his body for about half an hour, during which time Bruce was completely off his head. That must have been some trip, I can tell ya."

TOP CAT

Introducing wild animals into orifices and encouraging them to fight inside the body stimulates the prostate gland, a small walnut shaped organ responsible for organisms within the male private parts. And achieving sexual gratification in this way is nothing new. In Victorian England it was widely known that King Henry VIII, high on a cocktail of mulled wine and cocaine, would liven up Royal banquets by swallowing a live swan and then forcing six Yorkshire Terriers down his hog's eye with a pipe cleaner. The crazed animals would chase around inside the King's body for up to eight days. In order to stop

them escaping giant bonfires were lit outside the King's ears and nostrils, and his arse was bricked up.

A less dangerous but equally bizarre form of internal stimulation currently favoured by the stars of the entertainment world is the game of 'arse snooker'. Fuelled by highly potent cocktails of liquid paraffin, brandy and Guinness, stars swallow an entire set of snooker balls. They then remove their trousers and bounce vigorously up and down on a trampoline whilst attempting to shit out the snooker balls in the correct order.

"Then Jack Nicholson climbed up my brown eye and fired up the pneumatic drill"

One point is scored for a red, which must then be followed by a colour. The colour is then swallowed again, and another red must be passed. Scores for each ball are the same as in snooker, and if the white ball comes out by mistake, the player loses four points.

TOP HAT

Wild drink, drug and arse snooker sessions can last for several days and nights on end, with players reaching numerous multiple



A selection of Hollywood stars yesterday (none of whom necessarily ever stuck anything up their arses).

Poop shute pleasures of the rich and famous

organisms along the way, and stopping only to quaff neat vodka and guzzle down lethal cocktails of cocaine, heroin and ecstasy. Needless to say for added interest the millionaire stars play for money.

WHITE TIE

The stakes are high, with up to \$10 million resting on every ball shitted. Indeed one body building Hollywood box office billionaire was reported to have lost his entire fortune

the deadly game of 'volcano popping' go on a trip which, quite literally, leaves them 'sky high'.

PAWS

Already high on a lethal cocktail of drink and drugs, would-be 'poppers' make their way to the top

Cassidy. Yet despite being stranded on the Moon, with no food or air, Cassidy is reported to have told pals that he would not hesitate to do it again.

KIT-E-KAT

"I don't care whether I suffocate or starve here on the Moon, I'll still die

Hopping mad!

of a volcano that is about to erupt, then sit on top of it, clenching their buttocks firmly to prevent it erupting. Eventually, when the pressure of the red hot lava bursting up from the Earth's core becomes too great for them to resist, they relax their arses and the volcano erupts spectacularly, sending them rocketing high into the air, like a cork from an exploding champagne bottle.

WHISKERS

The force of an eruption has been known to send volcano popping stars thousands of feet into the sky. Indeed several stars are rumoured to have landed on the Moon, where they have been trapped ever since. Among them singer David

happy. Because feeling that volcano going off up my arse as I flew through space truly gave me the ultimate high", the singer is reported to have told family and friends during a brief phone call from the Moon.

MARS-E-BAR

But perhaps the most dangerous stunt of all took place at a Hollywood party over twenty years ago. For after polishing off a deadly cocktail of drink and drugs actor Donald Sutherland decided to experience the ultimate sexual thrill, by becoming the world's first 'human jigsaw'.

OYSTERS

After gorging himself on a heady mixture of champagne, oysters, cocaine

gambling on arse snooker. But he later told pals it had been worth every penny, as the crazy cocktail of bouncing balls, booze and drugs had given the former Mr Universe the "ultimate high".

TAILS

But a new and far more dangerous game growing in popularity among the Hollywood jet set can, quite literally, provide stars with a breath taking 'high'. For those who play

of jizz Viz!

LS 90210!



King Henry the Eighth (left) and the Hollywood volcano (arrowed) from which David Cassidy went to the moon.

HOCKLES

Doctors estimated that Sutherland had only three minutes in which to be re-assembled, otherwise he would die. A host of show-business pals, including Zero Mostell and Burt Reynolds, frantically scrambled to complete the Oscar winning star jigsaw, eventually slotting the last piece into place with only 5 seconds to spare.

GREBBS

Sutherland later told pals that being on the floor, in 500 pieces, with less than three minutes to live, had truly been the "ultimate high". Tragically best pal Zero Mostell, star of *The Producers*, who had found the last piece of the Sutherland jigsaw under a coffee table, himself paid the ultimate price in search of excitement.

GOBS

For ten years earlier Mostell had himself died after putting a hand grenade up his arse and throwing the pin into a swimming pool full of crocodiles ripped to their scaly reptile tits on a lethal cocktail of brandy, crack/cocaine and Parmesan cheese.

COFFIN

Later, at his \$60,000 Beverly Hills funeral, Mostell, speaking from his plush \$1200 hardwood coffin, told pals that having his arse blown up in a swimming pool full of drug crazed crocodiles truly had been the "ultimate high".

Drug ring shame of TV funny men

The showbusiness drugs problem in Britain is fast becoming almost as serious as that of Hollywood. Indeed, some people in pubs estimate that over half the celebrities we see on our TV screens are addicted to drugs such as cocaine.

Cocaine is commonly used by stars wanting to stay up way past their bedtime. Usually 'sniffed' through the nose, it induces an incredible feeling of 'not having gone to bed', and enables users to stay up until three and four o'clock in the morning.

CHOKIN

But the drug can become addictive, and many performers and artists rely on having 'fixes' of the drug, in ever increasing quantities, before they are able to go on stage. Indeed, according to a friend of someone we know, who works in London but was up for Christmas, one top TV comedy duo have become so addicted to the drug that the only orifices left big enough for them to take it through are their arses.

STUTTERIN

Our insider was backstage with the individuals concerned just before a gig

when one of them produced a trumpet and poured half the contents of a 2lb bag of cocaine into it. Turning to our informant he then asked if he would be good enough to blow the deadly powder up his arse for him, as he couldn't reach it himself.

WHEEZIN

"I didn't care who he was, there was no way I was going to volunteer to blow half a bag of cocaine up his arse for him", the insider revealed. "Fortunately his partner Bob Mortimer did it for him. At that point I left the room, but when I returned a few minutes later there were clouds of white powder everywhere. Suffice to say the comedian concerned had a very broad smile on his face for the remainder of the evening, and by the time I left at about half past midnight there was no sign of either of them going to bed".

It's looking Black for so sad Cilla



Picture: FRANK SHIT

Anyone who had a heart would surely help this doddering old lady across the road with her shopping bags. But even those with a good memory would struggle to recognise the wrinkled face of former Queen of pop Cilla Black.

Thirty five years ago this lively Liverpool lass stepped inside the doors to stardom, love. Hit followed hit for the former Cavern Club cloakroom attendant, who listed *The Beatles* among her fans. But now something tells her nothing's going to happen tonight as the fallen star struggles home to her cold, damp, squalid bedsit.

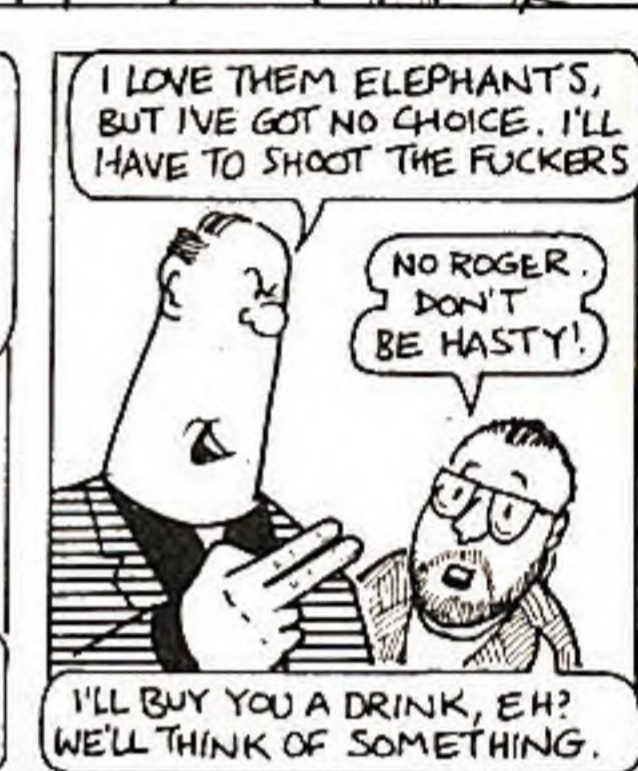
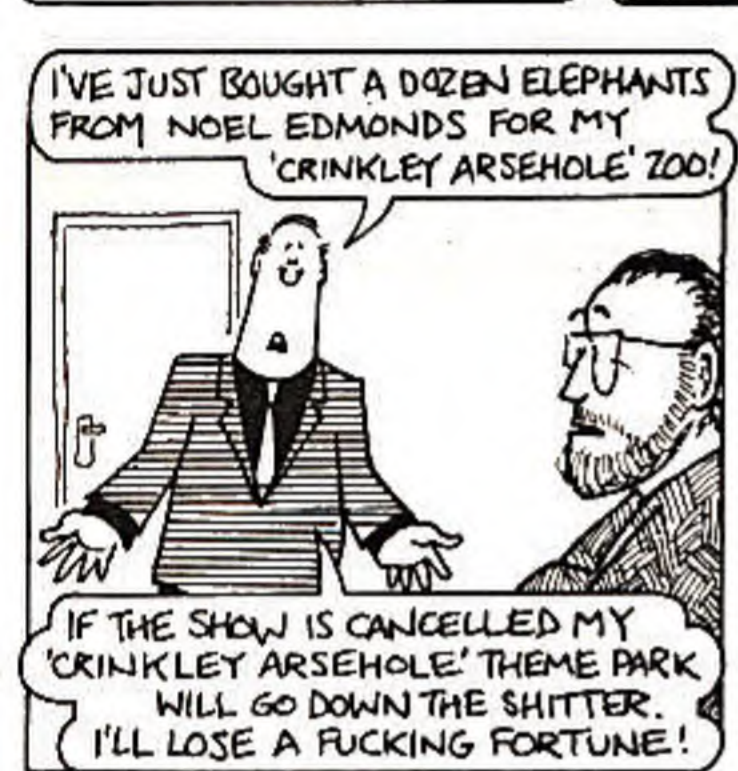
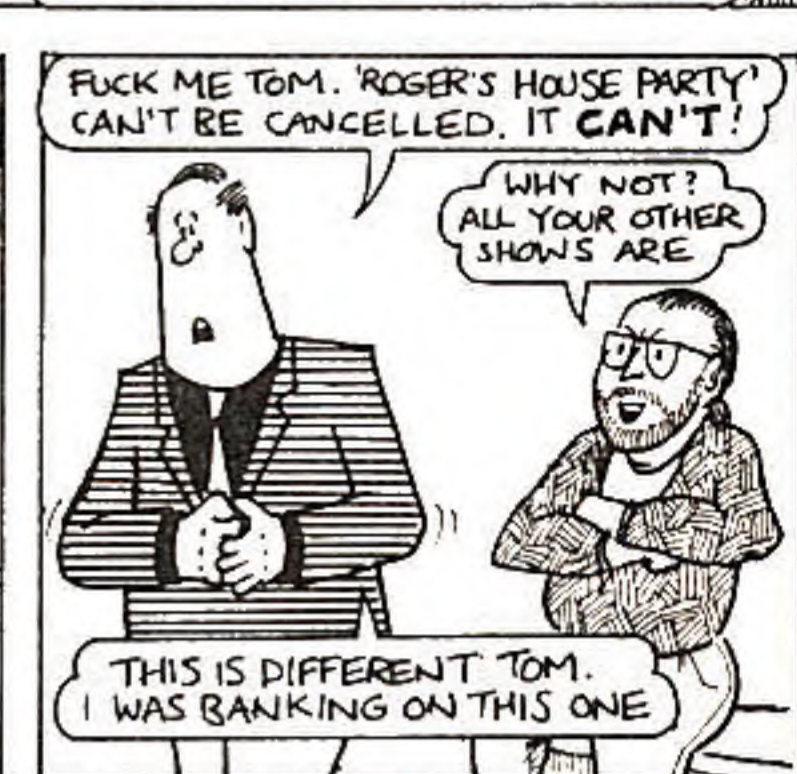
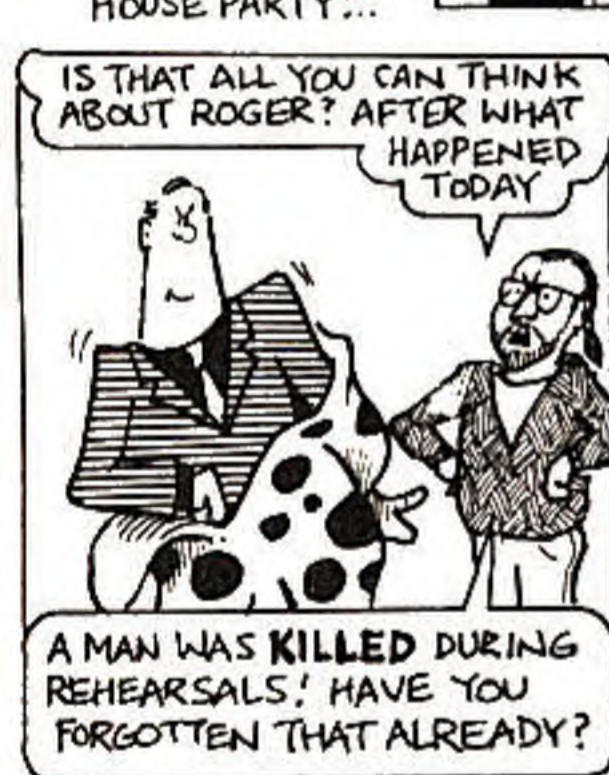
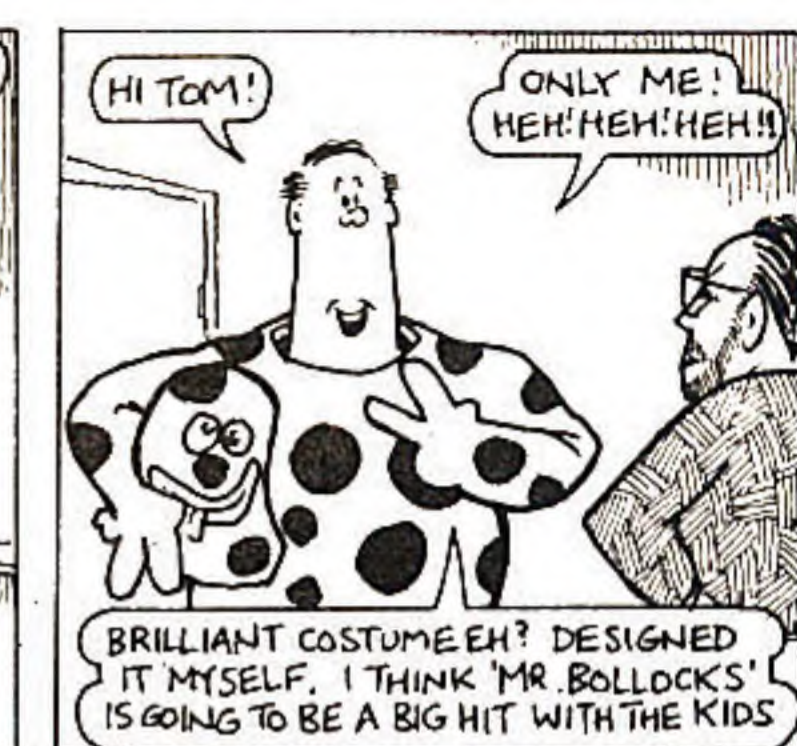
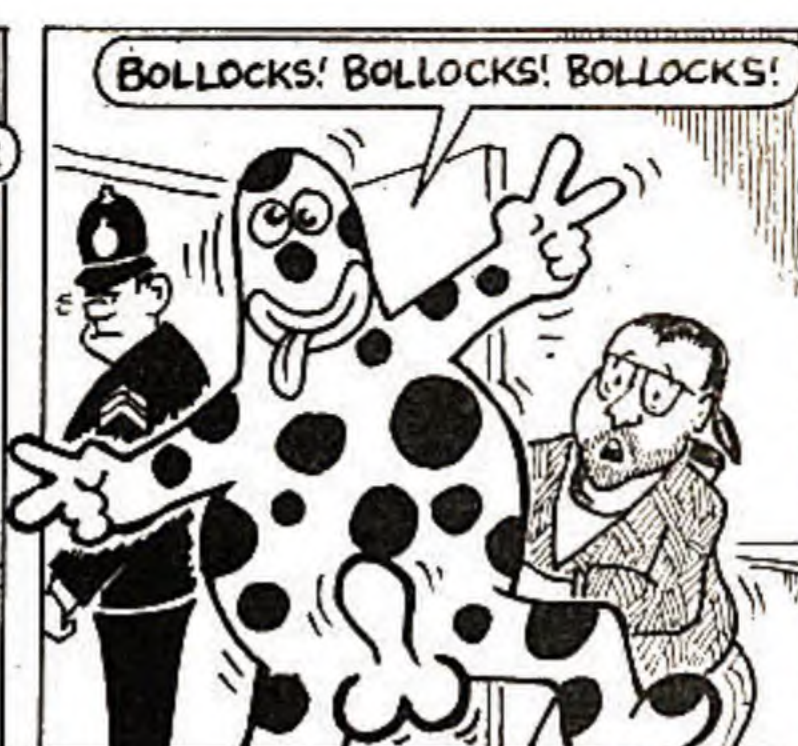
DRIED

After the hits dried up Cilla turned to bus conducting to earn a meagre living. But the introduction of 'pay as you

enter' buses put an end to her new career. Now, after years on the dole, Cilla walks miles in worn out shoes in search of shopping bargains.

DESICCATED

People living nearby were unaware that they had a celebrity neighbour. "We had no idea who the crumpled, pathetic figure living next door was", one told us. But according to another neighbour, Cilla hasn't lost her singing voice. "She occasionally comes home with a bottle of gin wrapped up in brown paper, he told us. "Then she turns on her electric heater, gets into bed still wrapped in her tatty clothes, and sings herself to sleep".



Phil marriage No.2 in trouble

Rock star Phil Collins is reported to be 'not talking' to the new love in his life, Swiss model Orianne Geve. And the latest love bust-up comes hot on the heels of his multi-million divorce from first wife Jill.

Collins sailed into a new love storm a week ago. According to pals the upset began when Phil, 43, arranged to ring stunner Orianne on Friday evening when the couple were due to go out for a meal. When Collins called - at 11.30pm - his Swiss Miss was furious.

FRIDAY

"You said you'd ring on Friday evening", she is reported to have blasted. "It still is Friday evening", replied Phil according to pals. "But it's almost midnight", said the dark skinned beauty. "I know, but I said I'd ring on Friday evening, and Friday evening doesn't end till midnight", Phil is said to have continued.

HANDLED

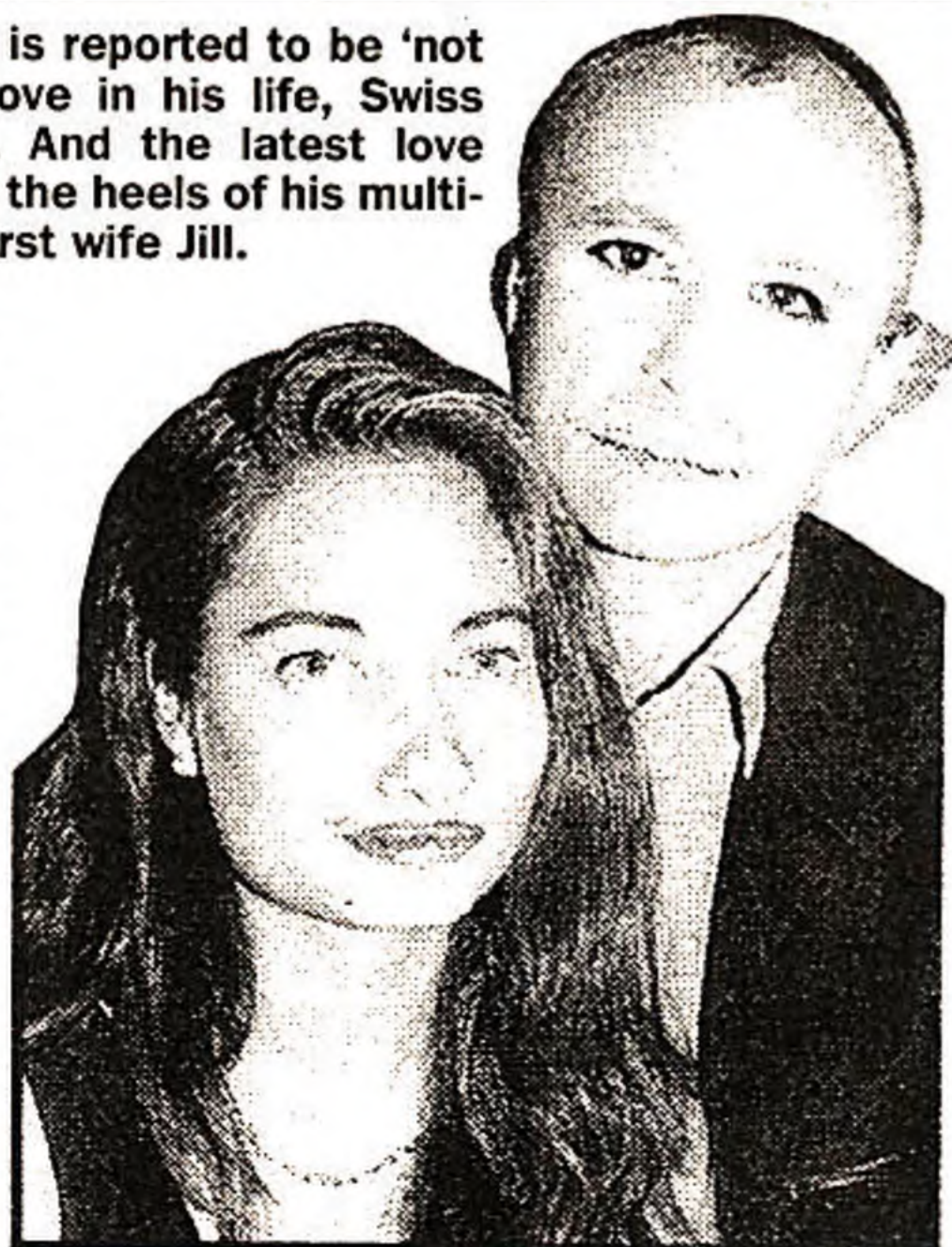
While Orianne complained that she had missed her date, Phil rang former Genesis pal Mike Rutherford and asked him what time Friday evening ended. "Mike didn't really want to get involved in the row, but Phil pressed him and eventually he agreed that Friday evening didn't end until 12 o'clock midnight", and insider told us. But Orianne was unimpressed, and stormed off to bed without saying goodnight to millionaire Phil.

POWER

The following day Collins bought Orianne a large house in an attempt to heal the rift before jetting to America. But according to a close friend their relationship hit the rocks again the minute Collins returned. For Orianne had expected Phil to return 'later in the week'.

ALITO

When he arrived back at Heathrow on Sunday Orianne hit the roof. "You



Collins 'not talking' to new love

Collins with his new
bird yesterday

said you'd be back later this week", she is heard to have shouted. "But it still is this week", Phil replied. Passengers in the V.I.P. lounge ran for cover as a furious row erupted.

AT C&A

"What day is the last day of the week?" Collins asked fellow V.I.P. travellers. "It's Sunday isn't it?" he said. "Well today's Sunday, so I did arrive back this week".

RAGE

According to onlookers Orianne was in a rage. "Everyone knows the week ends on Friday" she told him. "No. If it starts on Monday, then it has to end on Sunday", argued Phil. "No. Saturday and Sunday are different. They're the

weekend. They aren't week days", replied his furious partner.

"No. That's my whole bloody point", retorted Phil. "They're the WEEK END. That's because they're at the END of the WEEK". Embarrassed V.I.P. travellers, among them Lulu, pleaded with Phil to calm down. Eventually the couple left by taxi. "They weren't speaking the following day, although Phil did buy her another house later that afternoon", one insider revealed.

CRAP

Phil's marriage to first wife Jill ended last year in a bitter public love feud. Ladbrokes have now slashed the odds of Phil and Orianne divorcing this year, from 200 down to 25 to 1, despite them not being married yet. Meanwhile the odds on Collins' next record being a pile of crap remain unchanged at 5 to 4 on at Ladbrokes, with William Hill taking no further bets.

Wonder computer is bra-vellous

This issue marks a turning point for Viz. For we are now equipped with the latest hi-tec McApple computer, and a mouse. And, thanks to the magic of modern computer aided design technology, it is now possible for us to remove the bra from this picture of Catherine Zeta Jones.

Unfortunately the software package needed to perform this operation - Quark BraGone 2000 - was only available as an optional extra. In order to buy it, and remove Catherine's bra, we will need another £860.

time we publish our April issue we'll have raised the money we need, and with one simple twiddle of our mouse Catherine Zeta Jones' bra will vanish, and everyone will be able to see her tits.

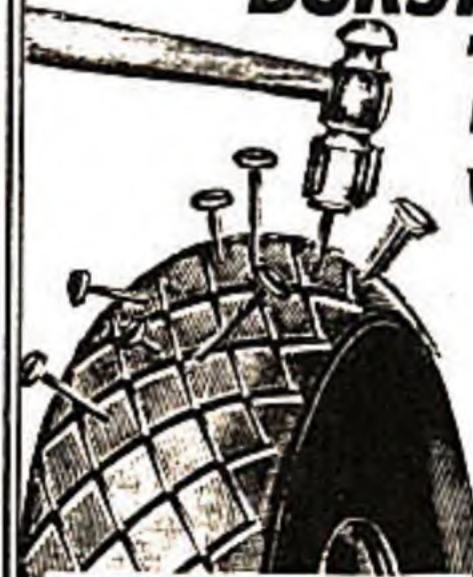
That's where you, the readers, can help. If you want to see this picture without the bra, send us £1. Hopefully, by the

Send your pound to: Catherine Zeta Jones' 'Bra Gone' Appeal, Viz, P.O. Box 1PT, Newcastle upon Tyne, NE99 1PT as soon as possible.



Catherine - May her Darling Buds spring out in the next issue? On sale March 31st.

**NEIGHBOUR TROUBLES?
BURST HIS FUCKING
TYRES
with
TYRE
NAILS**

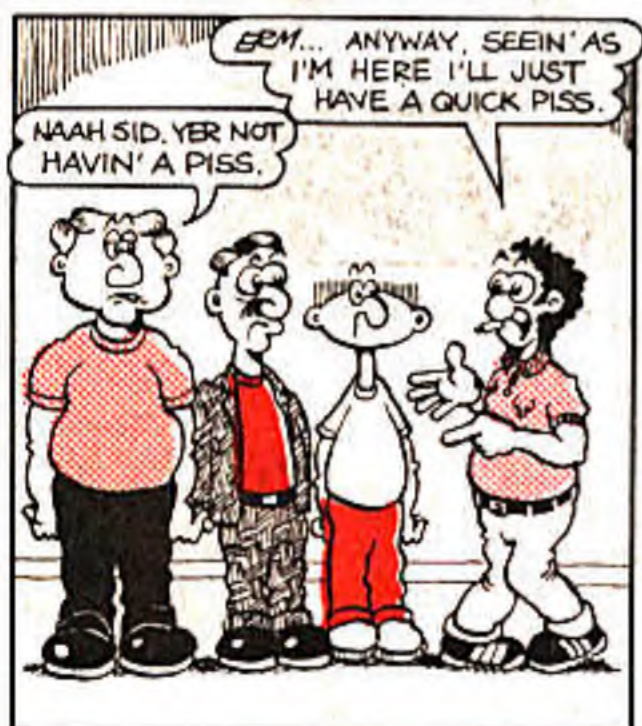
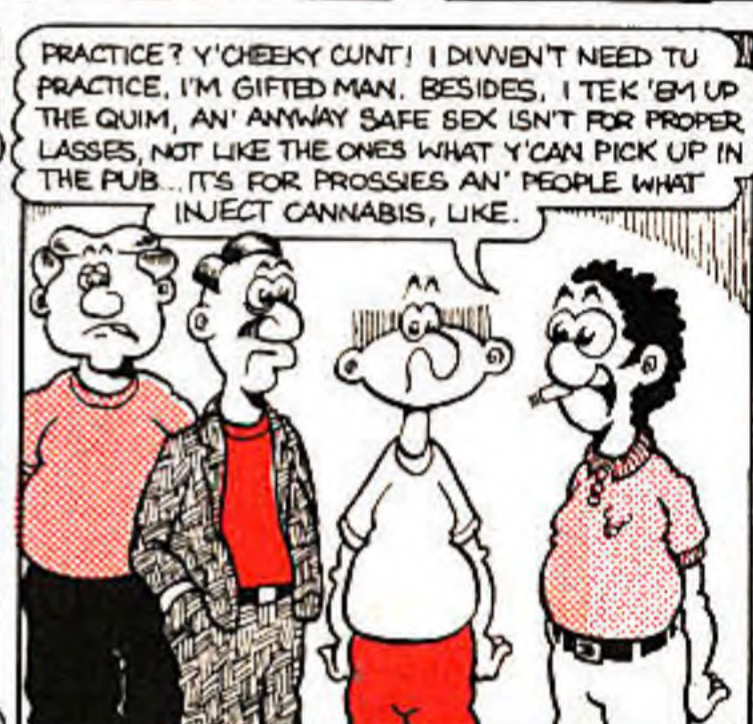
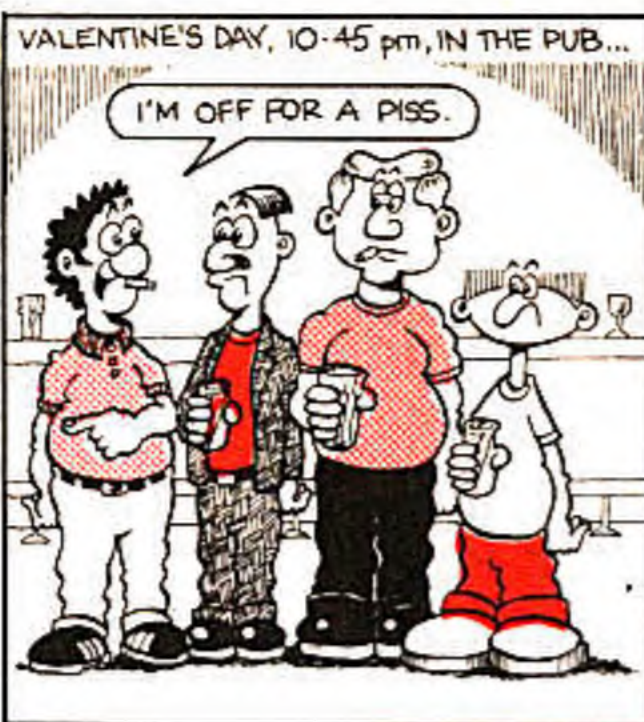


Also available:
**WINDOW BRICKS
and
SHED MATCHES**

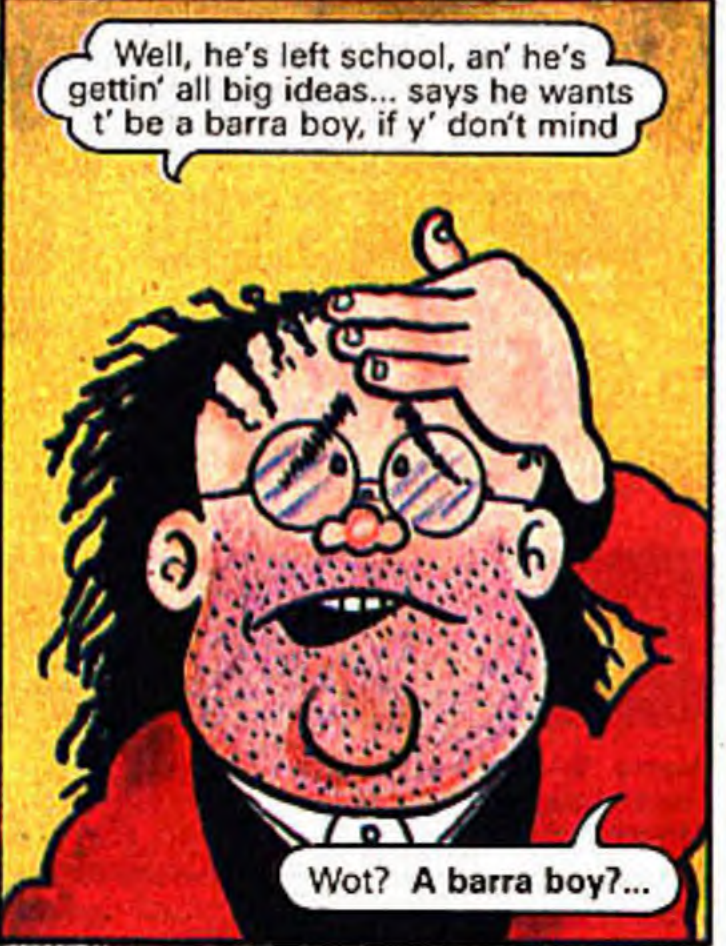
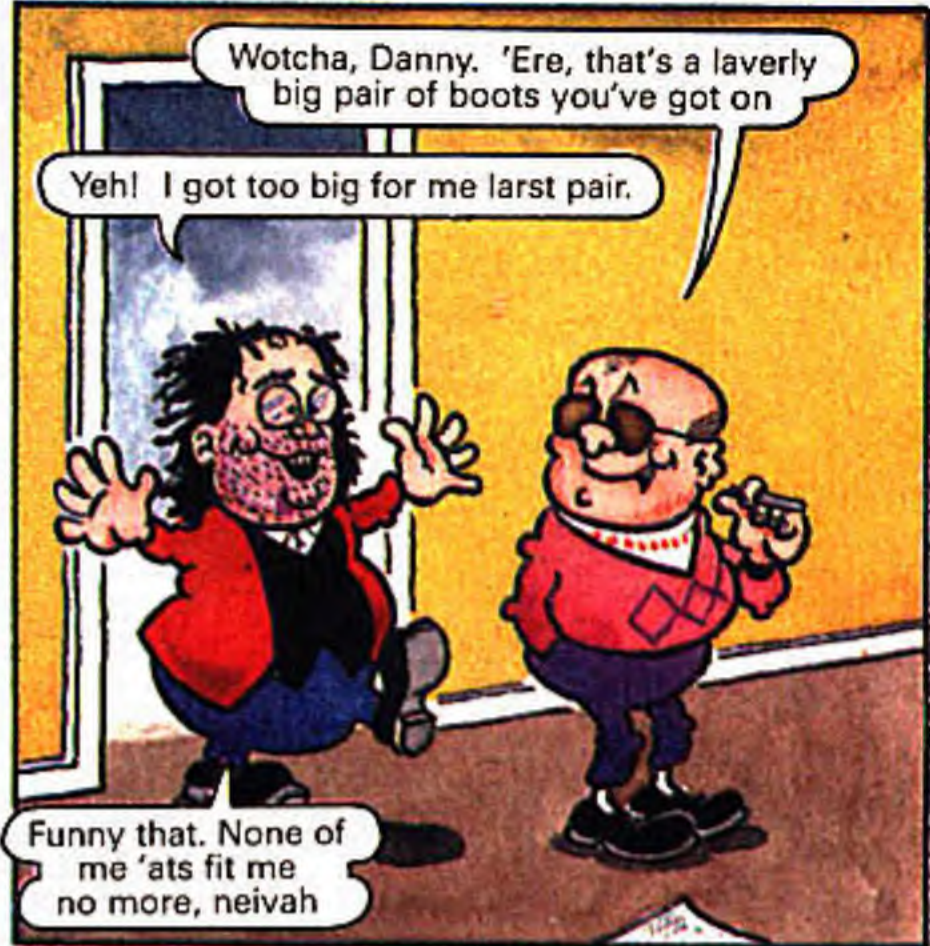
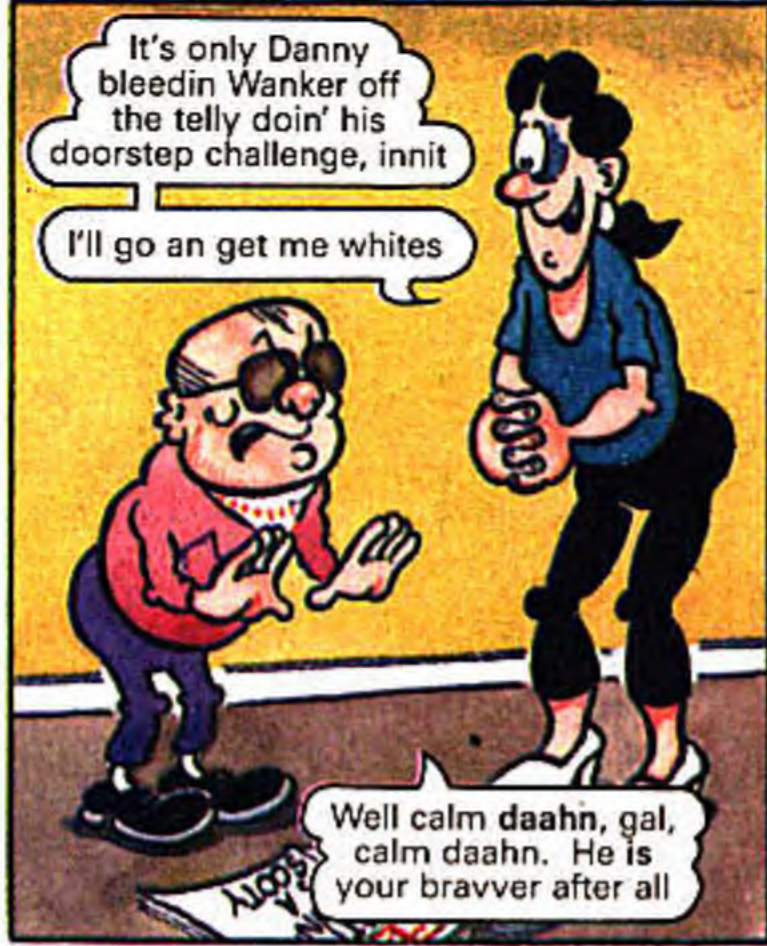
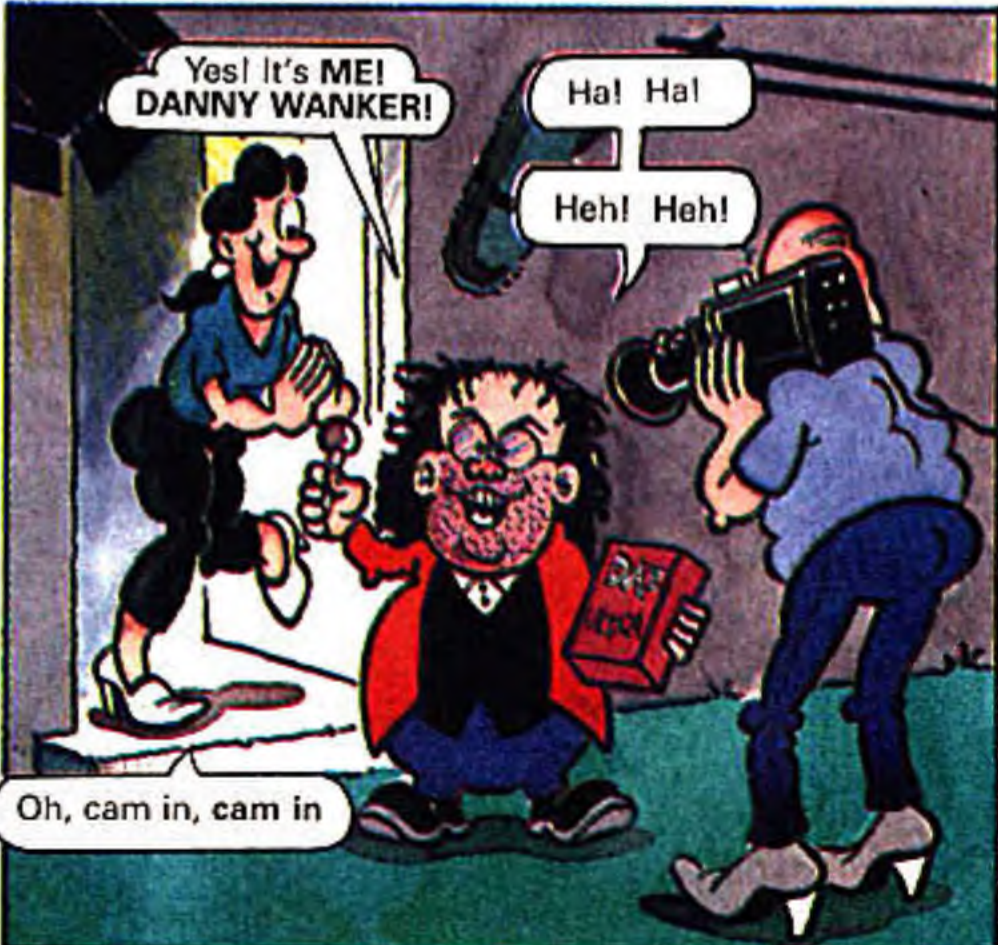
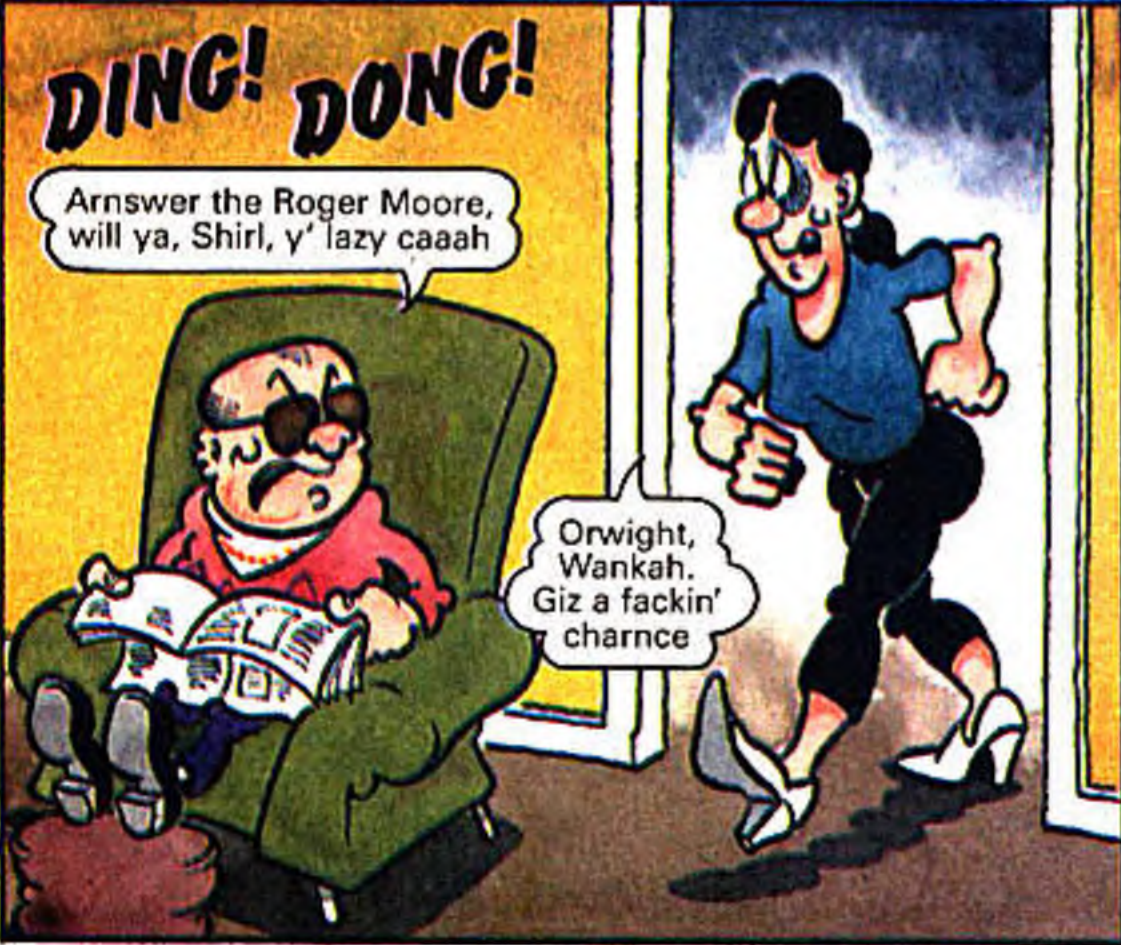
1 GUINEA per DOZEN

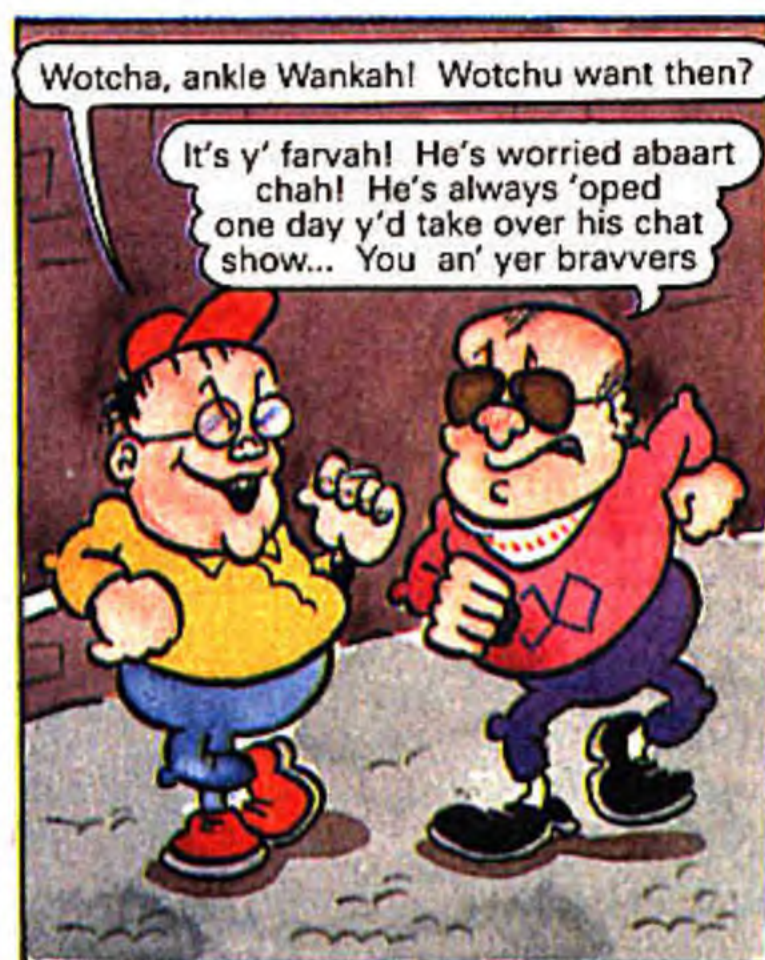
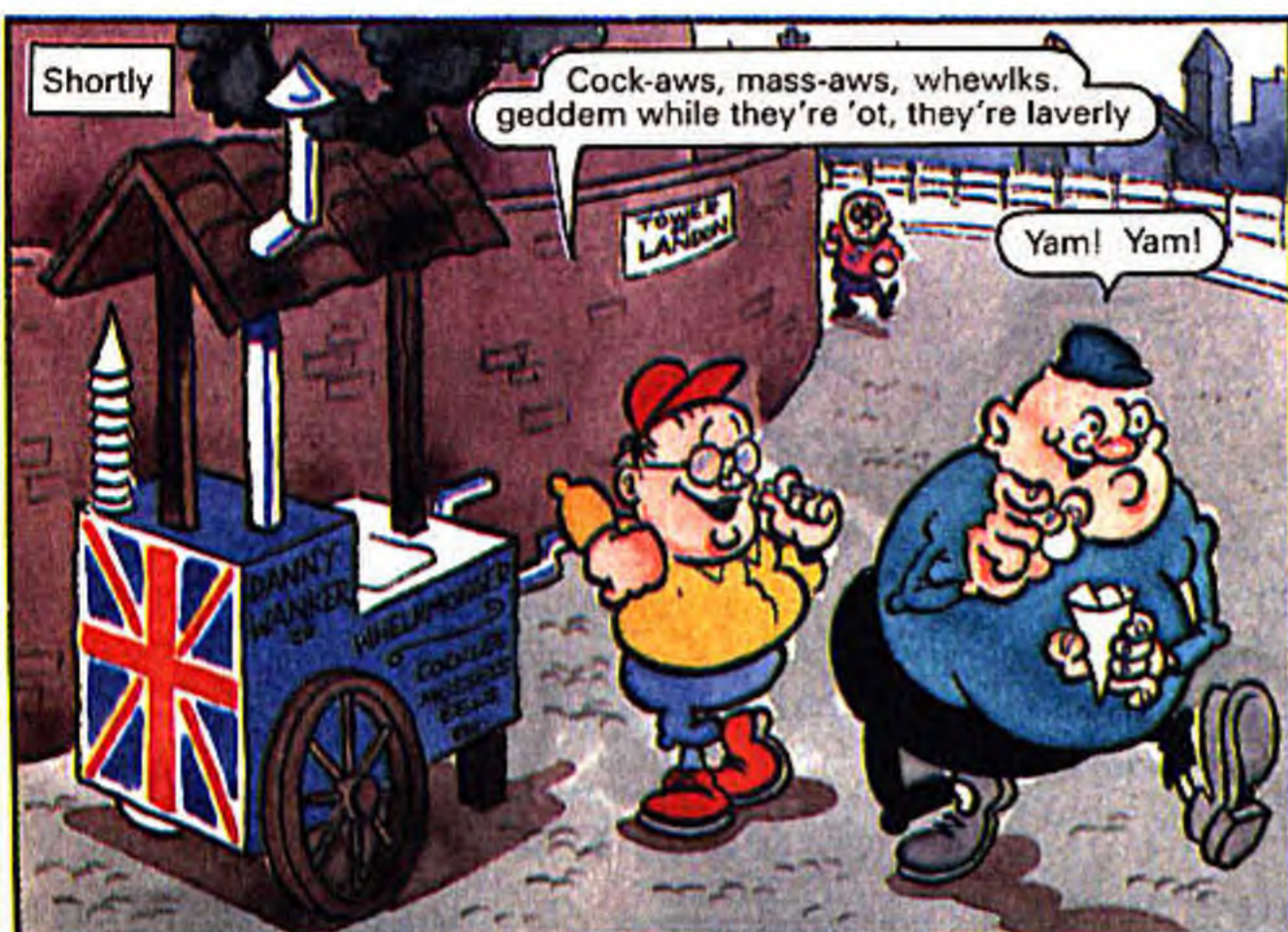
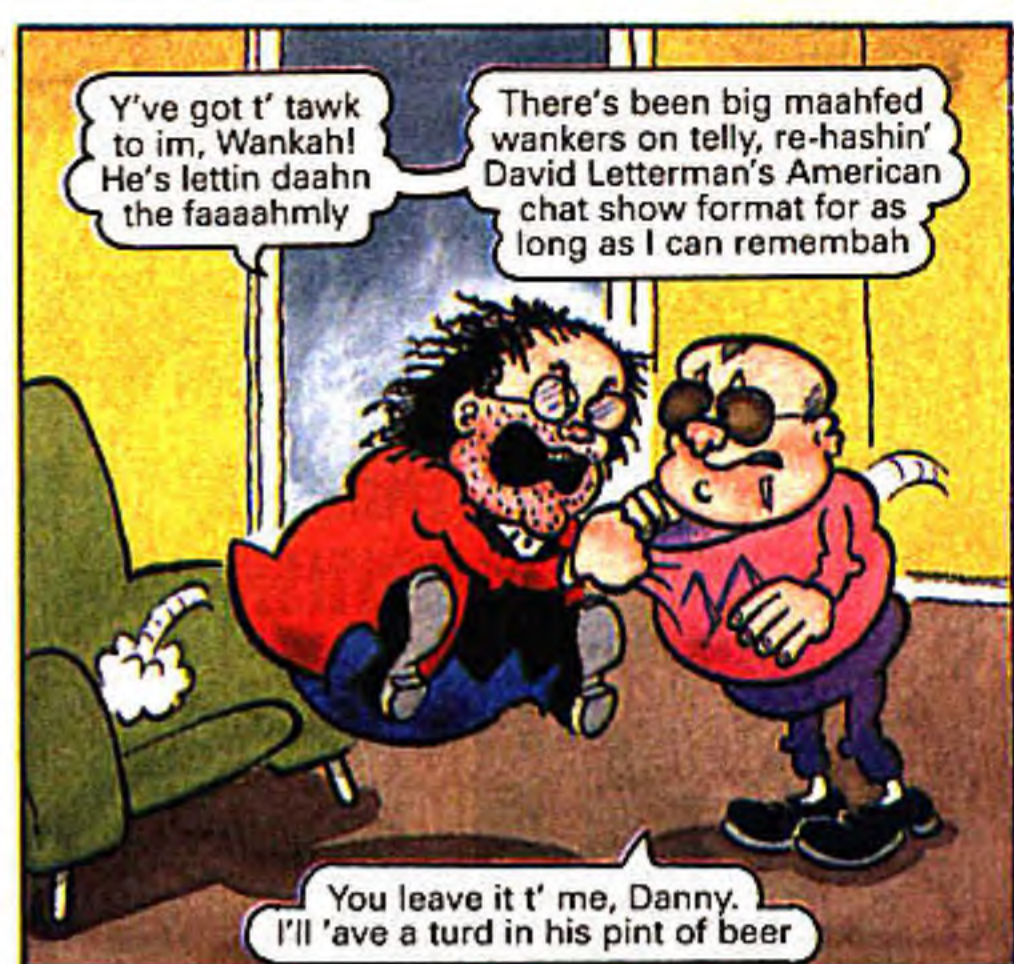
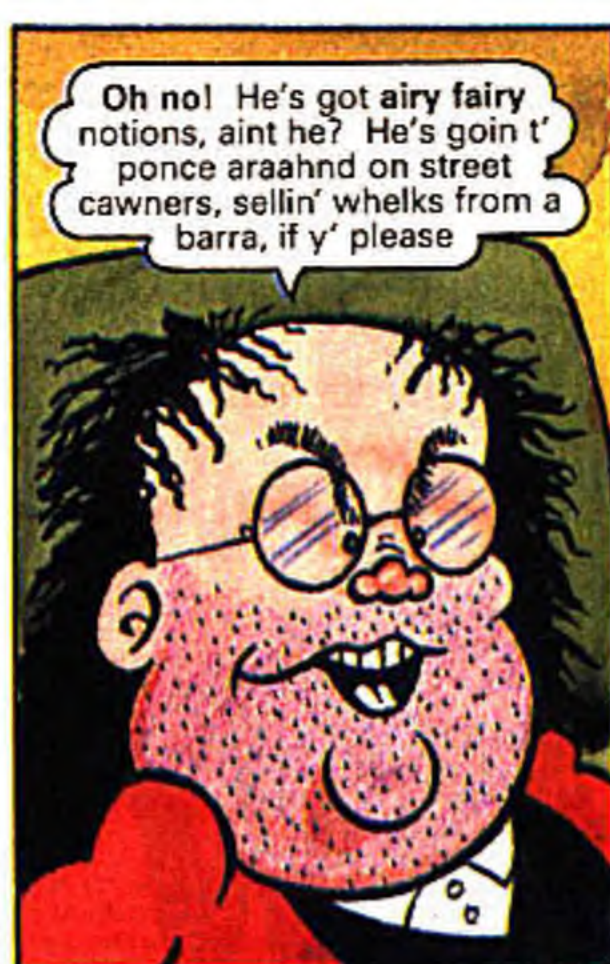
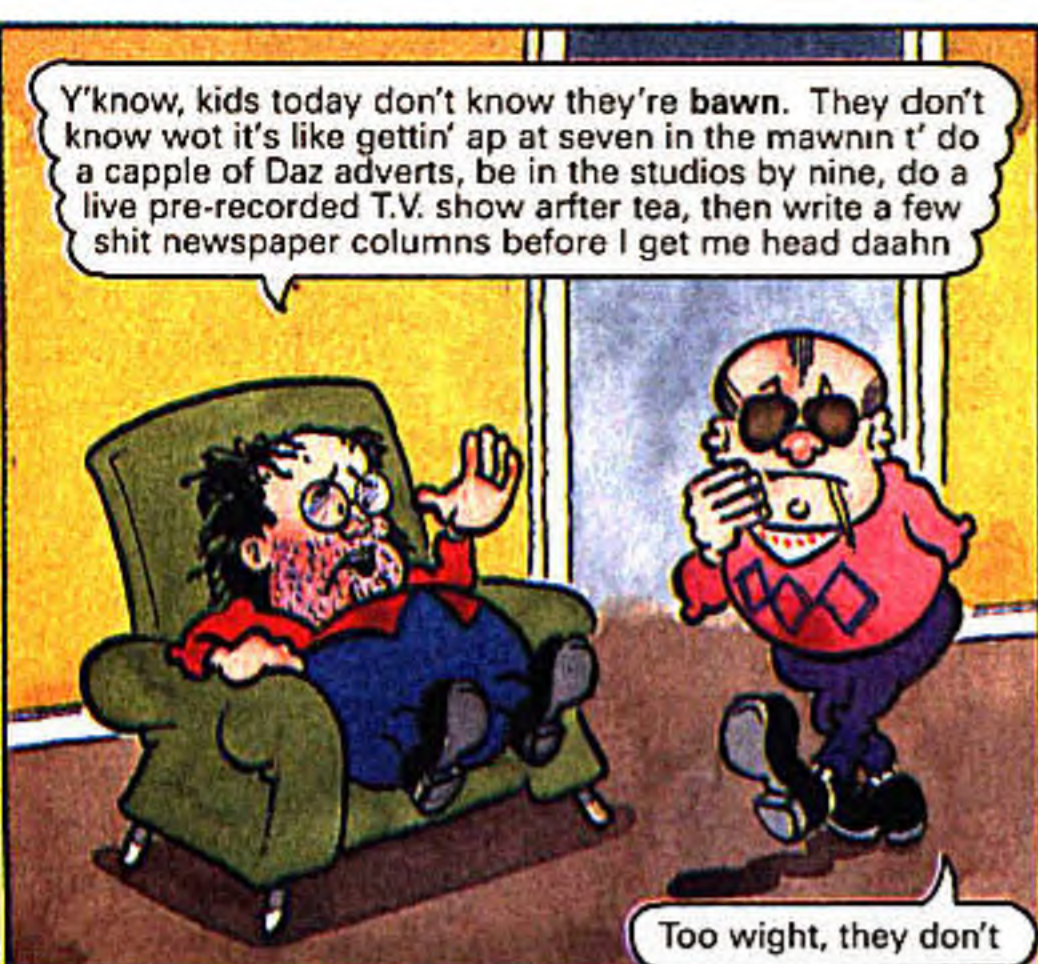
McGILLIGAN, SIMPKINS
& BROMSGATE

Fuelling emnity since 1902
Burlington Arcade, London W1



COCKNEY WANKER





Spoilt Bastard



...and Snow White and the Prince lived happily ever after...



IF ANY PRINCESS WORTH HER SALT CLAPPED EYES ON YOU, SHE'D CALL THE WHOLE THING OFF... AND I WOULDN'T FLIPPING WELL BLAME HER

THINGS WILL HAVE TO CHANGE



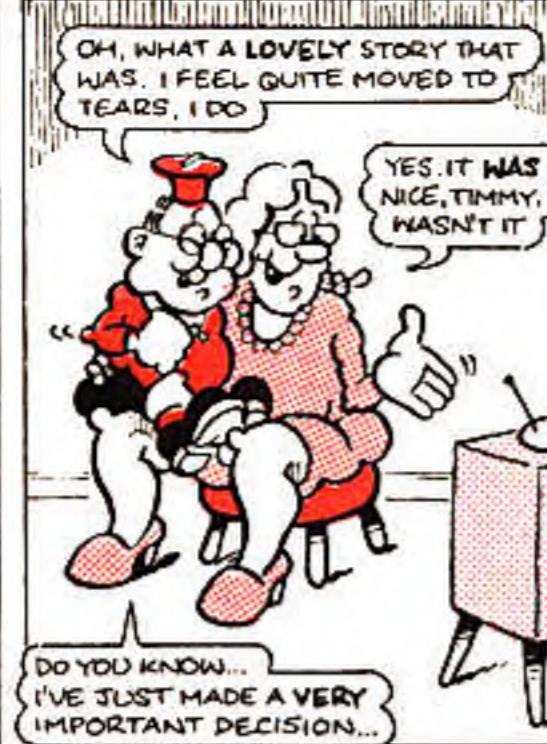
WHEN I'M KING MY FIRST JOB WILL BE TO CUT YOUR SILLY HEAD RIGHT OFF... HA-CHAH!



OW!!

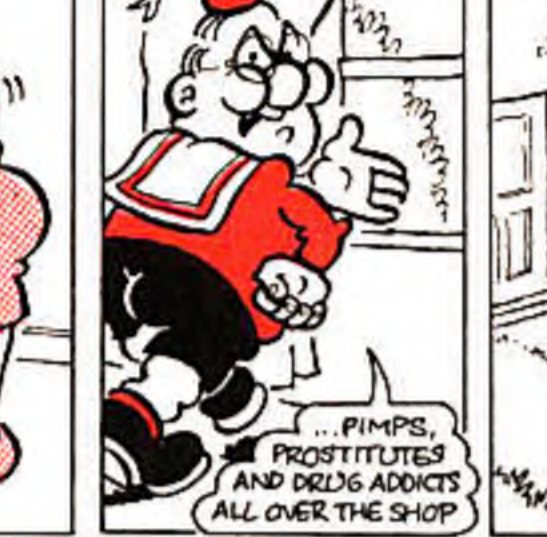


GDD-ST, CD 50



OH, WHAT A LOVELY STORY THAT WAS. I FEEL QUITE MOVED TO TEARS, I DO

YES, IT WAS NICE, TIMMY. WASN'T IT



DO YOU KNOW... I'VE JUST MADE A VERY IMPORTANT DECISION...

I MEAN... WHAT SORT OF NEIGHBOURHOOD IS THIS TO BRING OF THE FUTURE KING OF ENGLAND...



...PIMPS, PROSTITUTES AND DRUG ADDICTS ALL OVER THE SHOP



I COULD JUST SEE MYSELF BRINGING MY QUEEN BACK HERE FOR TEA



BUT, TIMMY, OUR NEIGHBOURS ARE NICE... MR. JONES NEXT DOOR IS AN ACCOUNTANT... AND HE'S GOT A CONSERVATORY



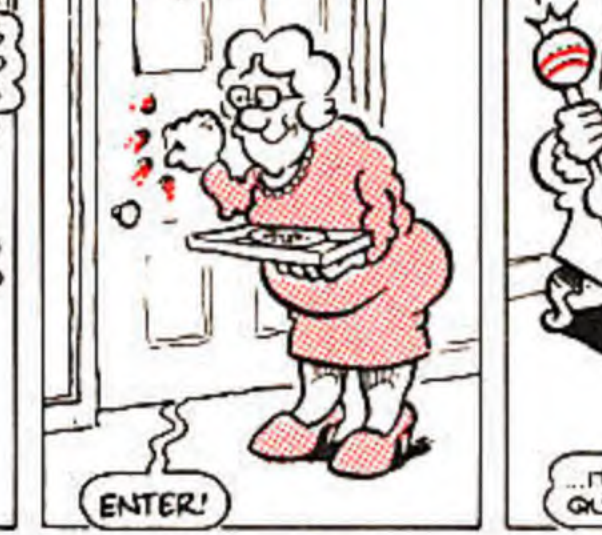
HAVE YOU, MY POPPET? WHAT'S THAT?

I'M GOING TO MARRY... A PRINCESS!

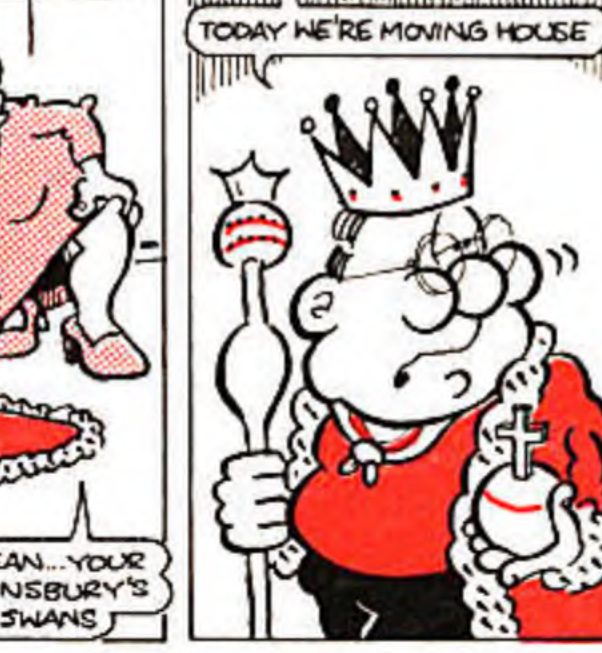


OH, HOW LOVELY

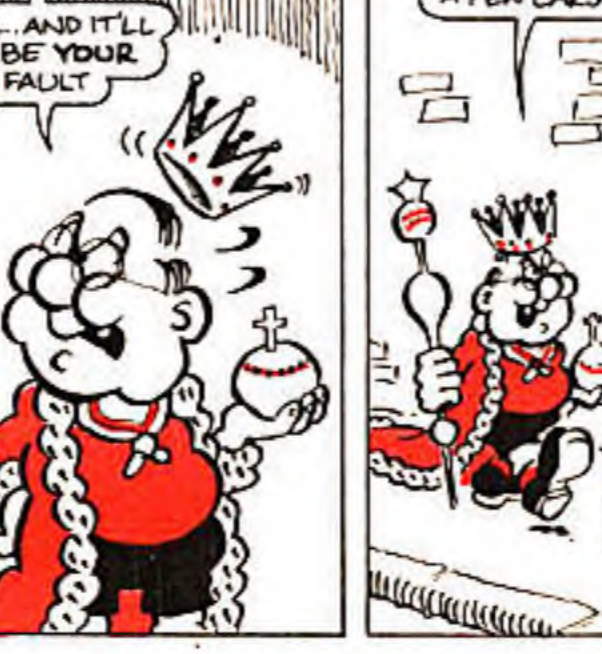
YES... THAT'S LOVELY... BUT...



YOU DON'T GET IT, DO YOU?



I SAID... I'M GOING TO MARRY A PRINCESS



YOU DON'T UNDERSTAND... HOW CAN I BRING MY INTENDED BACK TO THIS WEE-WEE HOLE, WITH YOU... SITTING THERE, LOOKING FOR ALL THE WORLD LIKE A DRUNKEN BAG LADY?



ONCE... SNIFF!... WHEN I WAS PLAYING IN THE GARDEN... HE TOUCHED ME, MUMMY... THERE!... UNDER THE BRIDGE



NOW STOP TELLING FIBS, TIMMY. WE WENT THROUGH ALL THAT WITH THE POLICE. IT WAS VERY EMBARRASSING... IT'S A WONDER MR. JONES IS STILL SPEAKING TO US



DON'T YOU RAISE YOUR FINGER AT ME, WOMAN



ENTER!



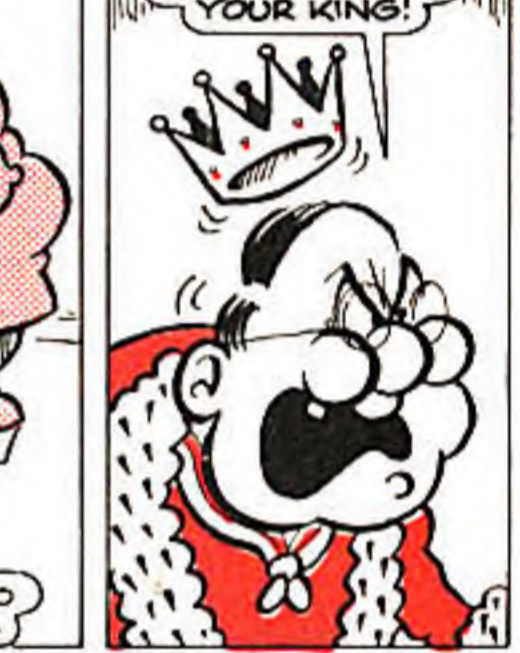
I'VE BROUGHT YOU YOUR TEA, MY POPPET...



GET ON YOUR KNEES BEFORE YOUR KING!



IT'S BEANS, AND I'VE CUT EACH ONE INTO QUARTERS, JUST HOW YOU LIKE THEM...



AND KINGS DON'T EAT BEANS... THEY'RE FOR POOR PEOPLE WHO BLOW OFF IN THEIR DIRTY TROUSERS



SPLATCH!



NO... KINGS EAT SWANS, WITH NOODLE DOODLES AND LOTS OF TOMATO SAUCE

BUT TIMMY... I MEAN... YOUR HIGHNESS, SAINSBURY'S DON'T SELL SWANS

NEVER MIND THAT NOW, WOMAN. WE HAVE MORE IMPORTANT MATTERS TO DISCUSS... TODAY WE'RE MOVING HOUSE

HERE... BUY THIS CASTLE. WE CAN MOVE IN TOMORROW

BUT, TIMMY, WE CAN'T AFFORD A CASTLE

CAN'T AFFORD?... CAN'T AFFORD!

YOU SELFISH WITCH, YOU CAN AFFORD TO GO TO BINGO ONCE A MONTH, CAN'T YOU?

MUMMY HAS A SIMPLE CHOICE... EITHER I LIVE IN A CASTLE, MARRY A PRINCESS AND LIVE HAPPILY EVER AFTER... OR I STAY IN THIS DUMP, FALL IN WITH A BAD LOT AND ENTER A DOWNWARD SPIRAL INTO A WORLD OF DRUGS AND CRIME

OH, I'D LOVE TO LIVE IN A CASTLE, TIMMY, I REALLY WOULD, BUT...

RIGHT, THANK YOU VERY MUCH! YOU'VE JUST SIGNED MY DEATH WARRANT

WHERE ARE YOU GOING?

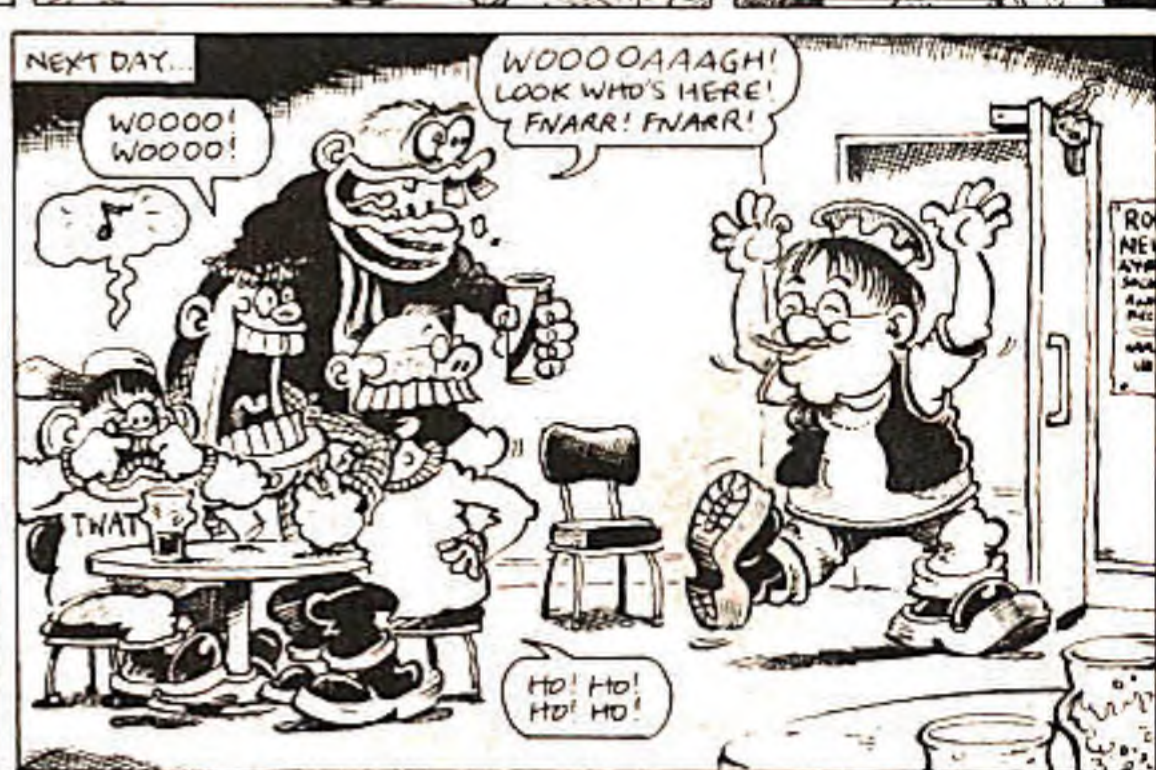
OUT!

I'M GOING TO FIND A BAD LOT TO FALL IN WITH... AND IT'LL BE YOUR FAULT

SO... HI, KIDS... I'M TIMMY T. HEY, WHAT DO YOU SAY WE GO AND TWOCK A FEW CARS AND SNIFF SOME GLUG, EHE

SEVERAL SECONDS LATER...

BOO HOO! I WANT MY MUMMY





SIMPLY THE BEST

Tara Baldwin had spent the past five years at Factory Products Limited madly in love with sales executive Dave Callahan. But Dave had never noticed her...

Oh, Dave, you're the best sales executive in the office, and the best looking, and the best dressed. What have I got to do to get you to notice me...
...If only I knew what you were looking for in a girl



Dreaming about Dave again, Tara?

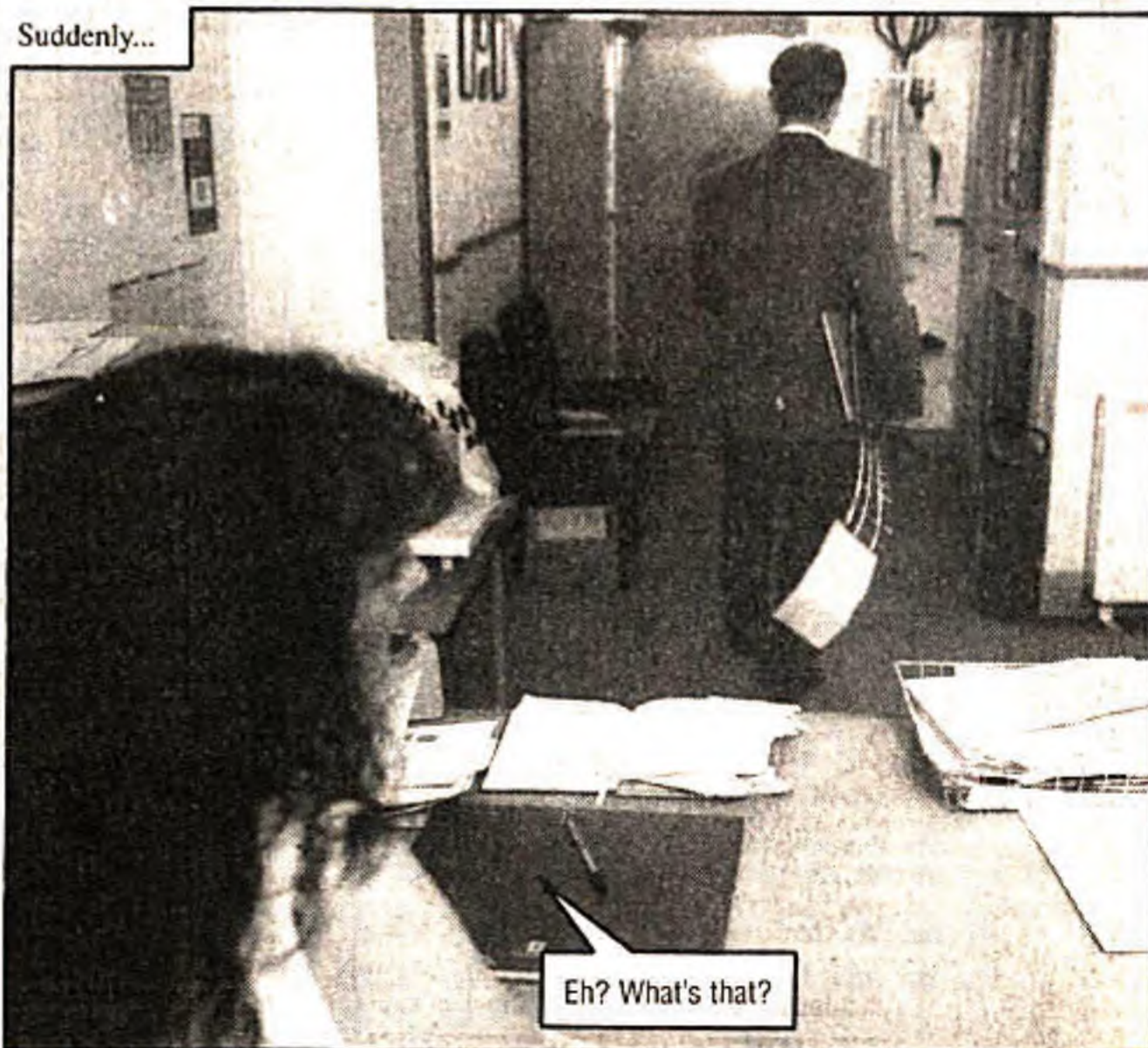
Yeh! Gosh, he's such a dish



I know. But let's face it, everybody has failed to score with him.

Nobody knows the kind of girl he's after

Suddenly...



Eh? What's that?

Dave, you've dropped...



Sorry, Tina...er...Tara. Can't stop. I'm on my way to a power lunch with an M.D. from H.O.

It's a dating agency questionnaire outlining his ideal girl

This is the best luck I've had in ages. Not only do I know he's in the market for a girl, but I know exactly what he's looking for

♡ Date-o-Matic Dating Agency ♡

Ideal Partner Questionnaire

What hat do you like on a girl? *Top hat*

What's your favourite sandwich? *Kipper & tongue*

How do you like a girl to behave in public? *Boisterous & outrageous*

What's your favourite hair colour? *Dark*

What's your favourite breed of chicken? *Rhode Island Red*



Wow!! I don't believe it!



With this information, I'll knock him off his feet at the office Valentine party tomorrow

The next day



Plenty of birds here tonight, Dave. See anything you fancy?

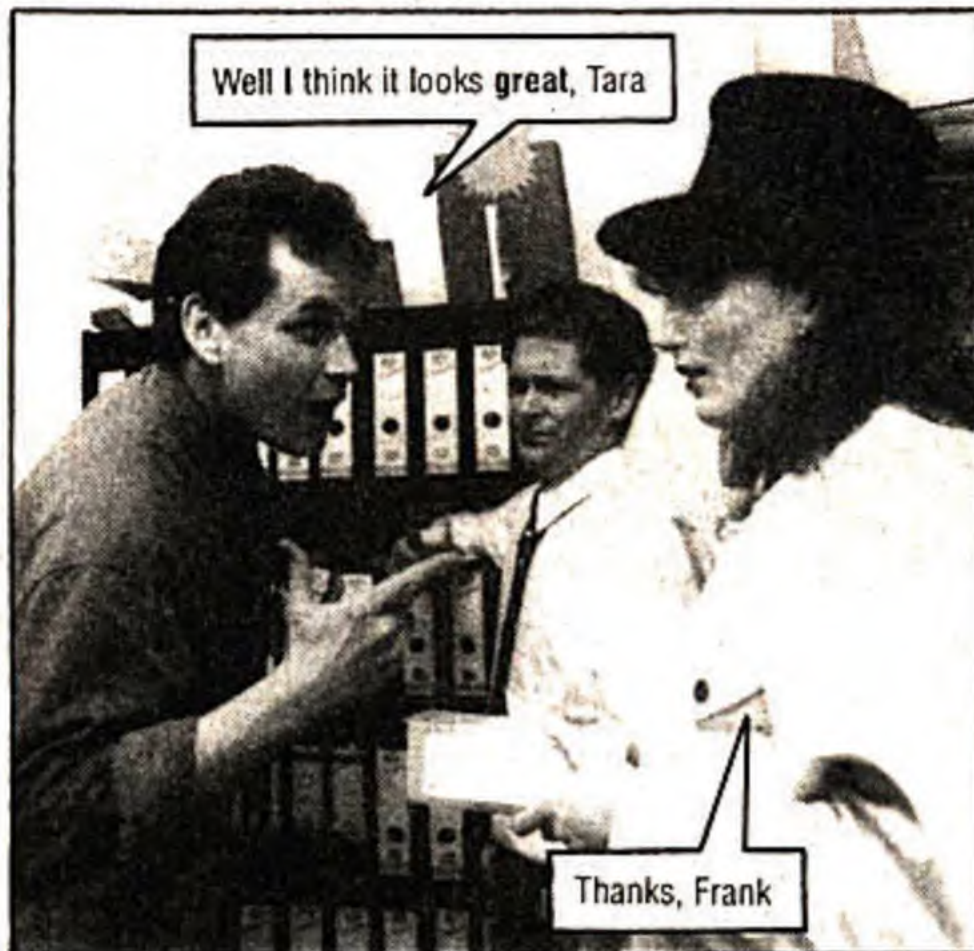
Not really Frank, you know me. I'm very fussy

Then...



Hi, Dave. What do you think of my new hat?

Well, to be perfectly honest, I think it's ridiculous. I prefer a girl in a Rubettes cap

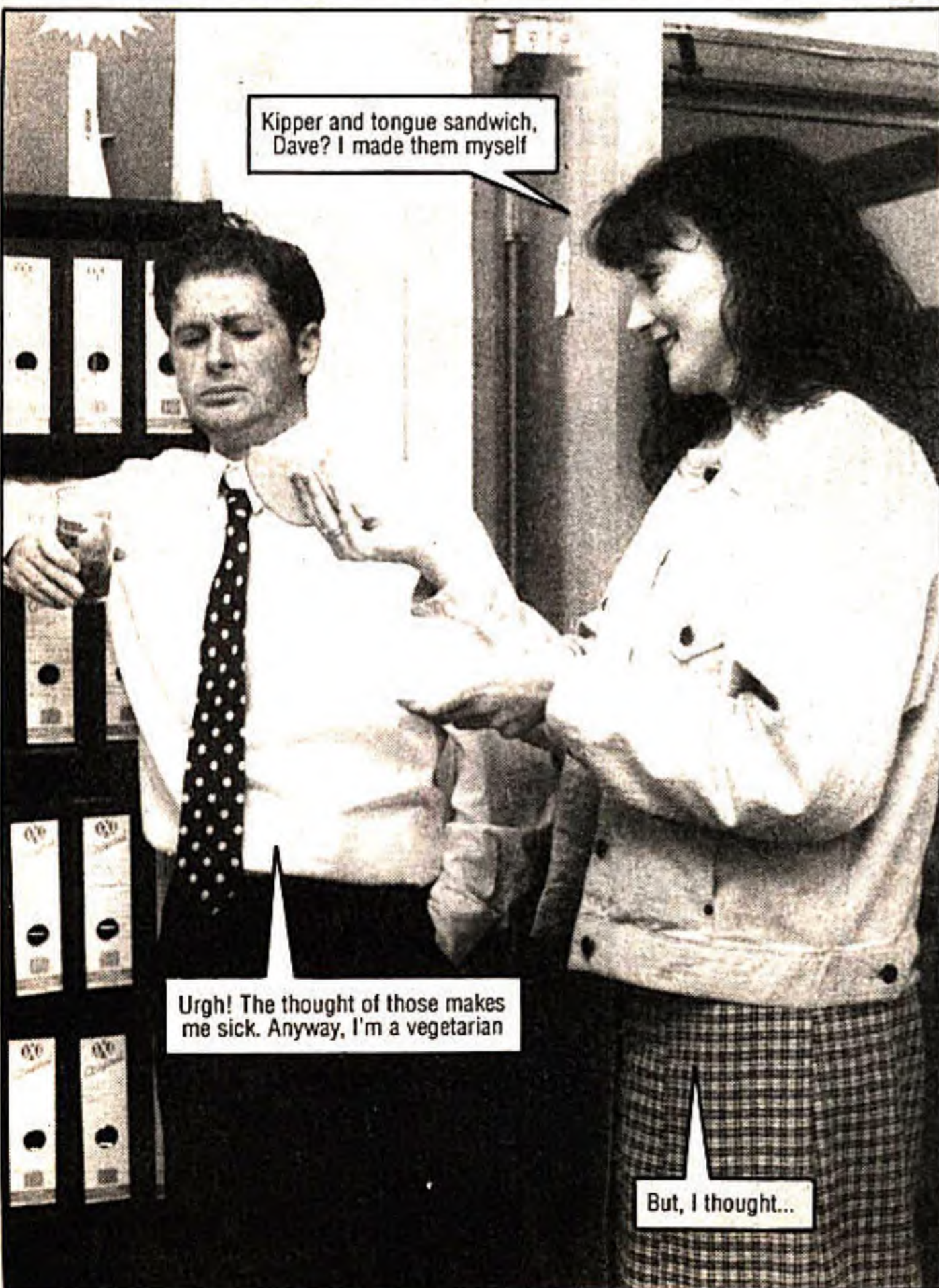


Well I think it looks great, Tara

Thanks, Frank



It was sweet of Frank to say that, but I wish Dave had of liked my hat. He's the best



Kipper and tongue sandwich, Dave? I made them myself

Urgh! The thought of those makes me sick. Anyway, I'm a vegetarian

But, I thought...



I'll have one, Tara. They look smashing



Hey! It seems like you and me have a lot in common

Yes...erm...seems we do



Hmm! So much for the sandwiches

Still...I know he likes his girls to behave in an outrageous manner. So...here...goes



Hey, Dave. I can feel a massive fart coming on

Eh!?!



Gasp!!

Aaah! Better out than in



What disgusting behaviour

Ha! Ha! Ha! That was **great** fun, Tara. Hey, you're **my** kind of girl



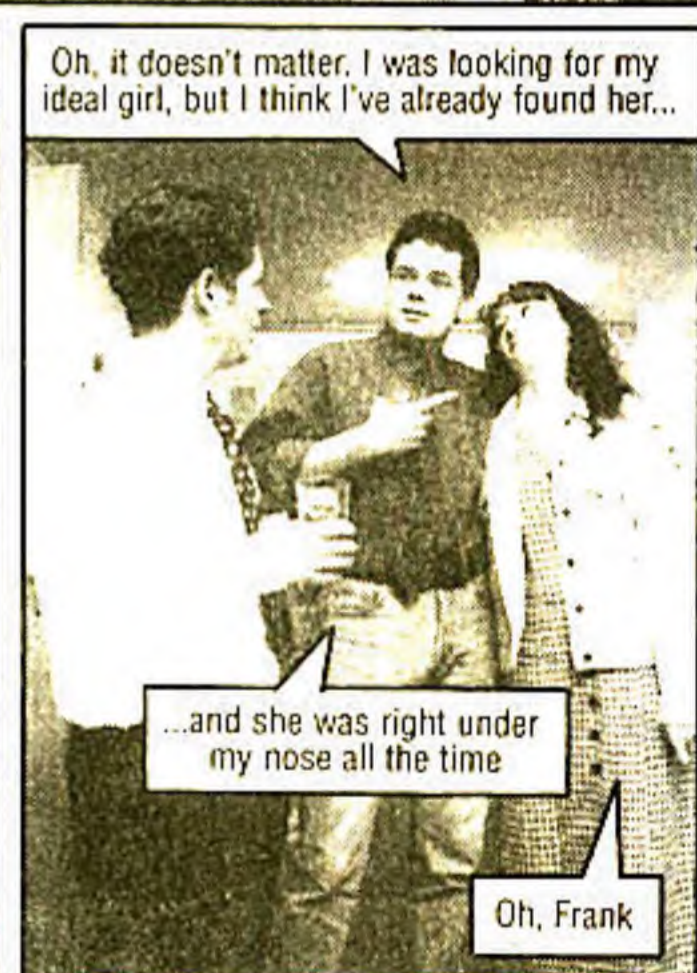
Oh, speaking of which, Frank...

... I still can't find that dating agency questionnaire you filled in and asked me to post



What?...

...It was yours?



Oh, it doesn't matter. I was looking for my ideal girl, but I think I've already found her...

...and she was right under my nose all the time

Oh, Frank



Hey, everyone. I've got an announcement to make



Tara and I are to be married...

Hurrah!



...and Dave is going to be best man

That's rich!

Shop boss cops for a whopping packet

A newsagent from Walthamstow has angered customers with a controversial decision to award himself a **THREE THOUSAND PER CENT** pay rise.

Paul Khana, a 42 year old self-employed shop owner, will now take home a staggering £600,000 a year, while his lowly customers, many of whom are unemployed, struggle to afford a newspaper and packet of cigarettes.

DEFENDED

Khana, who had previously earned £20,000 a year, yesterday defended the move. "I think I'm worth it. My workload has increased significantly, especially since we started selling lottery tickets. I spend hours explaining to people how to fill them in", he told reporters.

ATTACKED

However the massive pay boost has outraged customers and politicians alike. One man who was buying a newspaper said "It's disgraceful". Meanwhile Labour MP Mr Derek Twatt blasted Mr Khana for being 'insensitive'.

MIDFIELDED

"At a time when newsagents are asking customers to pay higher prices for magazines, confectionery, tobacco and greeting cards, I find it grossly offensive that a pay rise of this magnitude could be

*Writes
Billy Bollocks*

considered appropriate", he said on television last night. However Sir Anthony Regents-Park, Tory MP and former Junior Minister for Sweet Shops, News Vendors and Tobacconists, last night defended the move.

REFEREED

"Unless Britain's newsagents reward themselves with realistic salaries then we are going to lose them to foreign competitors. Good shopkeepers are in demand world wide", he said. "If we want a streamlined, competitive news trade for the nineties, we're going to have to pay for it".

GOALKEPERED

Mr Khana's six-figure pay award now puts him in the same earnings bracket as the Consett taxi driver who last week awarded himself an extra £500,000 a year on top of the £6,000 he was already earning. Meanwhile a part-time car park attendant from Peterborough has packed in his job and retired at the age of 52, after awarding himself a £300,000 a year pension.

No more laughs for Les



Picture: FRANK SHIT

The sound of laughter once echoed in his ears wherever he went. Millions watched him as the host of TV's Blankety Blank.

But now his only audience is earthworms, as the lonely figure of Les Dawson lies in a graveyard in Lancashire, buried under the ground, a shadow of his former self.

After his death the work began to dry up, and now the sad star lives the life of a recluse, hiding away from his former fans. Rarely seen outside his modest wooden coffin, friends say he has lost pounds in weight since his funeral in 1992, and wants to be remembered

the way he was, and not as the pathetic figure he has become.

Neighbours at the ramshackle cemetery had no idea about the identity of the 'quiet man who keeps himself to himself'.

"Les Dawson? I've never even heard of him", said one elderly woman who is buried nearby. 183 year old Mildred Brown has never watched Blankety Blank. "I'm afraid I died before they invented television", she told reporters yesterday.

The Undersink Cupboard of Jacques Cousteau



NEXT WEEK Hans & Lottie Haas journey to those shelves in the back of the garage to film the migration of a herd of dried up tins of paint with lengths of broken-off dowel in them.

LADY DIES

Police are investigating the death of a woman who died after swallowing a horse.

The exact circumstances of her death are not yet known. However police are thought to be examining the theory that her death may be connected with several smaller animals which she had swallowed previously.

Russell's Grant's FAT WORLD OF THE UNKNOWN

AS AN ASTROLOGER I'VE ALWAYS BEEN FASCINATED BY THE WORLD OF FAT SUPERNATURAL PHENOMENA



SO JOIN ME NOW, IF YOU WILL, ON A JOURNEY INTO THE REALM OF THE PLUMP PARANORMAL - FOR THE TALE OF THE FAT-ARSED FALCON!

THE STORY BEGINS IN THE VILLAGE OF MOWSLE BARTON, WHERE A NEW SCIENCE LABORATORY HAS JUST BEEN COMPLETED



YOUR NEW LAB IS READY FOR YOU TO MOVE IN, DOCTOR SLIMME

DR. RAY SLIMME WAS AN EMINENT SCIENTIST SPECIALISING IN SALAD AND CRISPREAD RESEARCH



GOOD. I MUST BEGIN WORK IMMEDIATELY

MY RESEARCHES INTO QUANTAM SALAD THEORY HAVE REACHED A CRUCIAL STAGE

THE NEW CONSIGNMENT OF LETTUCE HAS ARRIVED DR. SLIMME



SPLendid, MISS JONES. I'LL RUN SOME TESTS ON IT WHILST YOU ACTIVATE THE CELERY ACCELERATOR

PARDON ME DOCTOR, BUT THE BUILDERS HAVE UNEARTHED SOMETHING RATHER UNUSUAL OUTSIDE



PERHAPS YOU'D BETTER TAKE A LOOK

HM. IT APPEARS TO BE THE STATUE OF A FALCON WITH AN EXTREMELY FAT BOTTOM



IT'S THE SACRED FAT-ARSED FALCON OF MOWSLE BARTON!

YOU HAVE AWOKEN THE SACRED FALCON FROM ITS SLUMBERS, AND NOW YOU MUST PACIFY IT WITH OFFERINGS OF CREAM BUNS, CHOCOLATE ECLAIRS AND JAM DOUGHNUTS



HARKEN TO MY WORDS, OR SUFFER THE WRATH OF IT'S ENORMOUS BUMCHECKS

SUPERSTITIOUS NONSENSE! YOUR TALK OF CREAM BUNS AND DOUGHNUTS DOESN'T SCARE ME, OLD WOMAN



I AM A SCIENTIST. I BELIEVE IN THE HARD, FACTUAL WORLD OF CUCUMBERS, COTTAGE CHEESE AND LOW-CALORIE CRISPREAD

NOW CLEAR OFF BEFORE I VIVISECT YOU!



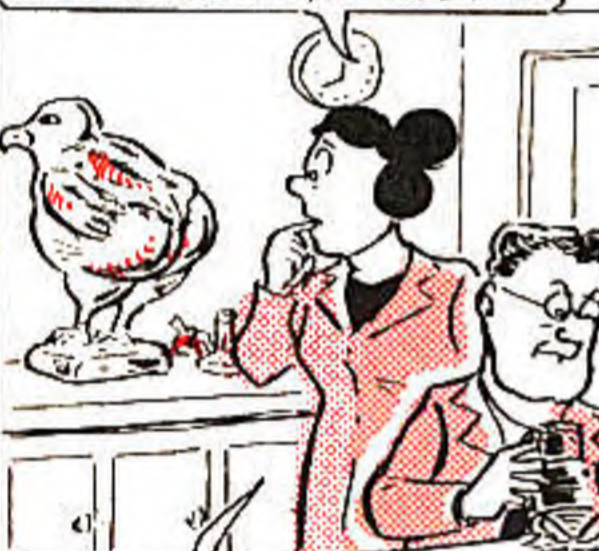
VERY WELL, BUT I WARN YOU - THE FALCON'S BUTTOCKS WILL NOT BE MOCKED

HAA! "THE SACRED FAT-ARSED FALCON" EH?



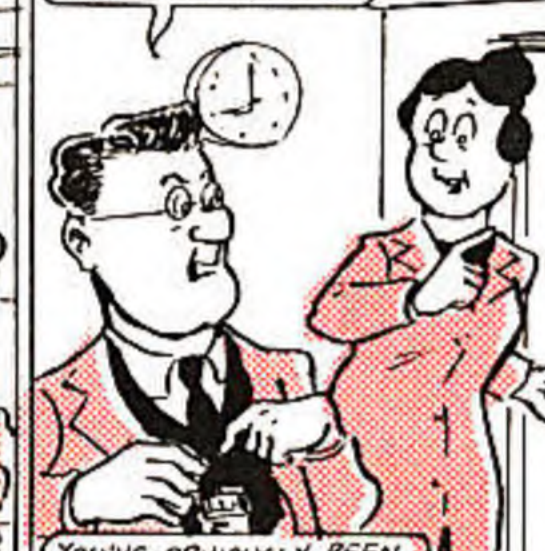
YOU'LL MAKE A FINE NOVELTY ORNAMENT FOR MY DESK, MY PLUMP-RUMPED CHUM

LATER I FIND THAT STATUE A LITTLE UNNERVING, DOCTOR SLIMME



THERE'S SOMETHING EERIE ABOUT THE WAY ITS RINGPIECE FOLLOWS ME AROUND THE ROOM

NONSENSE, MISS JONES. YOU'RE IMAGINING THINGS



YOU'VE OBVIOUSLY BEEN WORKING TOO HARD. GO AND TAKE A COFFEE BREAK

NOW TO WORK OUT THE RADISH-TO-CHEESE RATIO OF THIS LARGE SALAD I PREPARED A FEW MOMENTS AGO



GREAT SCOTT!



MY SALAD HAS ABRUPTLY DISAPPEARED...



AND THERE'S A BIG CREAMY CHOCOLATE ECLAIR IN ITS PLACE!

SUDDENLY WHAT TH-? NOW IT'S TURNED BACK INTO SALAD AGAIN! WHAT TRICKERY IS THIS?



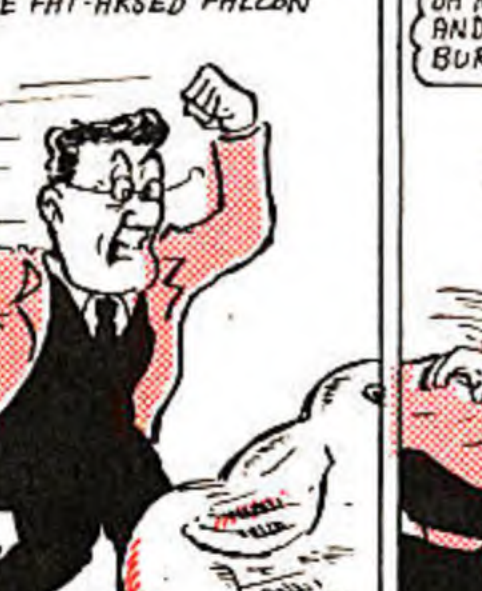
IT'S THE FALCON - THE FALCON IS DRIVING ME TO MADNESS BY WAY OF SALAD/ECLAIR CONFUSION!

I CAN FEEL IT'S UNEARTHLY POWERS TRYING TO TEAR DOWN THE WALLS OF MY SANITY



MY MIND IS BEING CRUSHED IN THE VICE-LIKE GRIP OF IT'S GIGANTIC BUM!

THE BESERK DOCTOR LUNGED AT THE FAT-ARSED FALCON



DAMN YOUR EVIL BROWN-EYE - I'LL SMASH YOU TO SMITHEREENS!

OH NO! I'VE SKIDDED ON SOMETHING AND KNOCKED A LIGHTED BUNSEN BURNER OFF THE DESK...



AND I'VE ALSO KNOCKED MYSELF UNCONSCIOUS. UH!

THE FLAME INSTANTLY IGNITED A HEAP OF DRY, FLAMMABLE CRISPREAD



THE WHOLE LAB IS ARLAZE



I'D BETTER GET DOCTOR SLIMME OUT OF HERE

LATER I'M AFRAID THAT YOUR LABORATORY HAS BURNED TO THE GROUND, DOCTOR



BUT WE DISCOVERED WHAT CAUSED YOU TO SLIP AND KNOCK OVER THAT BUNSEN BURNER...

YOU MUST HAVE SKIDDED ON THIS LARGE CHOCOLATE ECLAIR



HOWEVER DID THIS COME TO BE LYING ON YOUR LABORATORY FLOOR?

THE ANSWER TO THAT QUESTION LIES BEYOND THE LIMITS OF SCIENTIFIC KNOWLEDGE, OR FIREMAN...



BUT I DO KNOW THAT I SHALL NEVER AGAIN MAKE MOCKERY OF SACRED STATUES WITH FAT ARSES, FOR AS LONG AS I LIVE

IDE SUPERSTITION? PERHAPS. OR PERHAPS THERE ARE MYSTERIES WHICH SCIENCE WAS NEVER MEANT TO TAMPER WITH...



MYSTERIES WHICH BELONG TO THE FAT WORLD OF THE UNKNOWN!

NEXT ISSUE: PATRIC WALKER'S SLAPHEAD WORLD OF THE UNCANNY

Your chance to win an international footballer

SEX AND DRUGS AND BIRDS AND FOOTBALL!

Big Frank's done the lot

Former England centre forward Frank Worthington was one of football's most celebrated stars for over twenty years. A well known Elvis fan, ladies man, camel expert and wearer of funny hats, throughout a long and eventful career he regularly hit the headlines with his exploits both on and off the field. And now big Frank is revealing all in his official autobiography, entitled 'One Hump or Two? - The Frank Worthington Story'.

The book is an honest, amusing and informative insight into the career of a professional footballer spanning three decades. And a catalogue of classy crumpet Frank knocked off along the way.

Frank played for eleven Football league clubs in all, if you include Sunderland, and soon he could be playing for YOU! Because big Frank himself is the prize in this fabulous football competition. Nowadays to buy a player of Frank's calibre you'd need to pay in excess of £5 million. But the winner of this competition can have Frank Worthington absolutely FREE for a day.

Just imagine, your very own footballer. If you play for a pub team, a five-a-side team, or just enjoy kicking a ball round in the park, Frank could be yours for a day. Even if you don't have a team, Frank could still train in your garden for a morning, then sign autographs for your neighbours during the afternoon. It's a chance no reader can afford to miss. And as runners up prizes ten readers will receive signed copies of Frank's book 'One Hump or Two?'. To enter the competition simply answer the following questions.

1. Of the eleven Football League clubs Frank played for, quite remarkably, seven of them had strips that were predominantly blue and white. Which ONE of the following predominantly blue and white teams did Frank NOT play for?

- (a) Birmingham City
(b) Stockport County
(c) Ipswich Town

2. Only two of Frank's eleven clubs had a significant element of red in their strip. And, interestingly, both were coastal clubs who won the F.A. Cup during the seventies whilst playing in the second division. Even more remarkable is the fact that both clubs' names begin with the same letter, and, quite remarkably, neither club has a suffix (Town, City etc.) Can you name both?

3. Unusually, one of Frank's other clubs was also a coastal town, and, interestingly, had the unusual suffix 'And Hove Albion'. Which club was it?

- (a) Margate and Hove Albion
(b) Scarborough and Hove Albion
(c) Brighton and Hove Albion

4. During the late sixties and early seventies several players, like Frank, were renowned for their individual skill, their hair cuts, their drinking, their gambling, and shagging the birds. One of them, George Best, scored more goals, shagged more women and drank more beer than all the rest put together. How many Miss Worlds is George Best officially recognised as having shagged?

- (a) Two
(b) Four
(c) Six

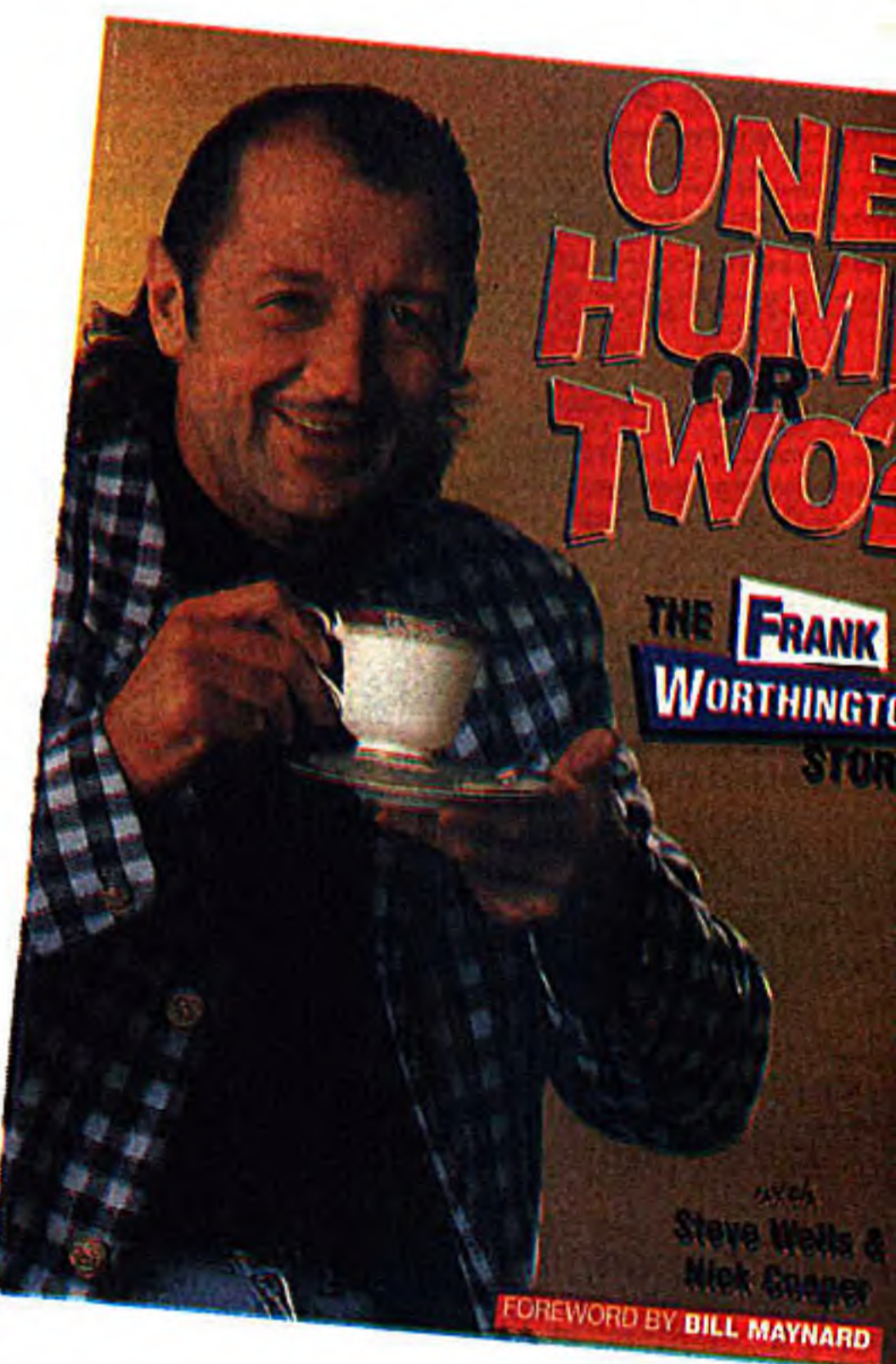
5. Which of the following three national beauty queens has Frank Worthington NOT shagged?

- (a) Miss Wales
(b) Miss Great Britain
(c) Miss Barbados

6. Which ONE of the following has NOT shagged any beauty queens?

- (a) Bruce Forsyth
(b) Michael Aspel
(c) Chas Chandler out of The Animals
(d) Cliff Richard
(e) Paul Koya (the Scotch bloke off daytime telly who used to be on Channel Four)

Entries should be marked 'Hump' and must arrive by no later than March 10th. All correct entries will go into a hat etc. Please give a daytime telephone num-



ber, if you have one. Please note. The organisers cannot be responsible for Frank's behaviour once he has been delivered to the winner. You are advised to

keep your wife or girl friend out of sight, put fast cars away in the garage and lock your drinks cabinet before allowing Frank into your home.



WHO IS WEARING WHOSE SKIN?

We're offering a free evening's rental of the latest blockbuster movie *Silence of the Lambs* to the winners of this grizzly cannibal competition. In the movie Sir Anthony Hopkins plays psychopathic cannibal expert Hannibal Hayes, who lives in a cage and eats Julie Foster. In our competition we've imagined that six well known stars have murdered and consumed the flesh of six of their showbusiness colleagues, after keeping their heads in a fridge for a month. Then our celebrity cannibals have gone into their basements, which were full of butterflies, and put on women's clothing while listening to loud pop music, before removing their victims' skin and using it to make gruesome face masks.

CHEESE

To enter our competition simply imagine that you are an expert on cannibalism and the stars, and that the police have called you in to identify both the murderers and their vic-



Win an evening
with Hannibal
the Cannibal!

tims. Your gruesome task is to look at the pictures above and try to spot who has killed who. To make it more exciting why not go into your cellar and dig a big hole. Then sit in it, with a dog, while looking at the pictures.

ONION

When you have identified them, simply fill in the form below and send it to

'Viz Hannibal the Cannibal and the Stars Competition', P.O. BOX 1PT. Competition closes on 10th March 1995. The winners will be sent a copy of the video by post, plus a stamped addressed envelope in which it must be returned to the shop by six pm the following day.*

*The winners will be liable for any excess charge due to the video being returned late.

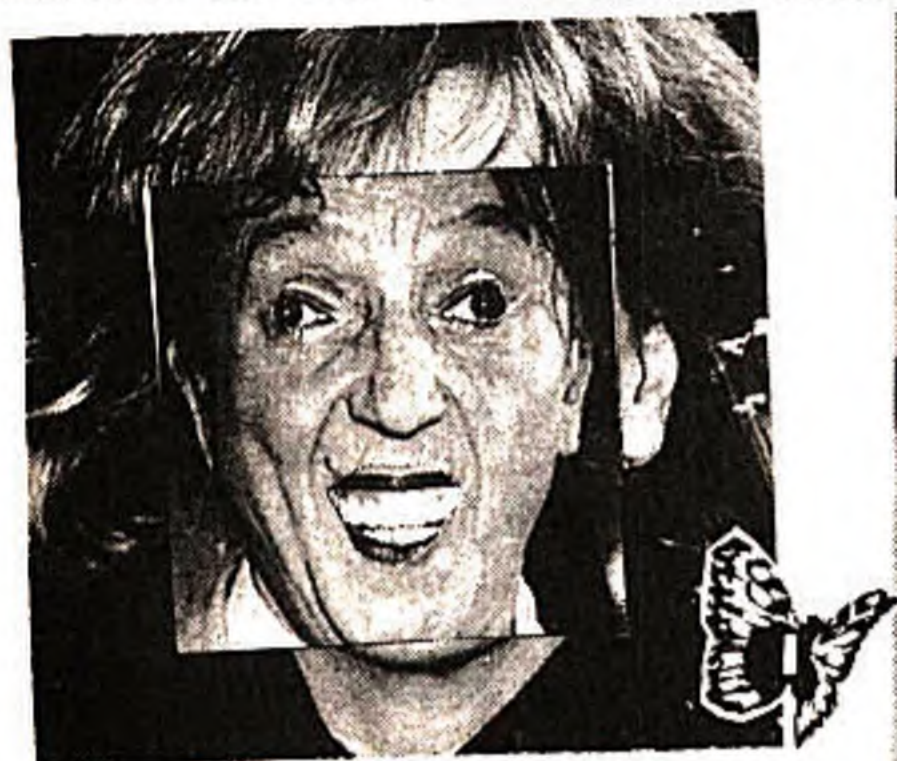
IT'S A STEAL!

Win a trousers full of shopping!

One inevitable consequence of being a TV celebrity is that you're always being wrongly accused of shoplifting. It's simply part of the price every star has to pay for their success.

Here's a little celebrity shoplifting game that you can play at home. Simply match the items below with the celebrity who was accused of stealing them. And as a special prize we'll fill the winner's trousers with groceries!

Send your entries on a postcard to 'Unsubstantiated Celebrity Shoplifting Allegations Game', at the usual address. Please state your name, address and trouser size (waist and inside leg). Closing date 10th March 1995. The winner will be notified by post, and invited to send us a pair of his or her trousers, which we will return stuffed full of groceries.



SUCK MY COCK AND WIN £10 MILLION!

A quick gobble on Ted Johnson's bell end and one lucky girl could be TEN MILLION quid better of this weekend.

For luckless female Lottery contestants are being offered a chance to cash in on the enormous jackpots by the man who claims to have Britain's luckiest penis.

TADGER

Ted believes his tadger has the Midas touch, and that girls who give it a gobble will be *cock sure* of Lottery *suck-cess*. For after sucking it in the car park behind Ted's local working men's club a few months ago, a former girlfriend went inside and won a game of bingo.

BADGER

And now Ted is issuing an open invitation to the ladies to come along give his lid a lick.

"My penis has always been lucky, and a little bit

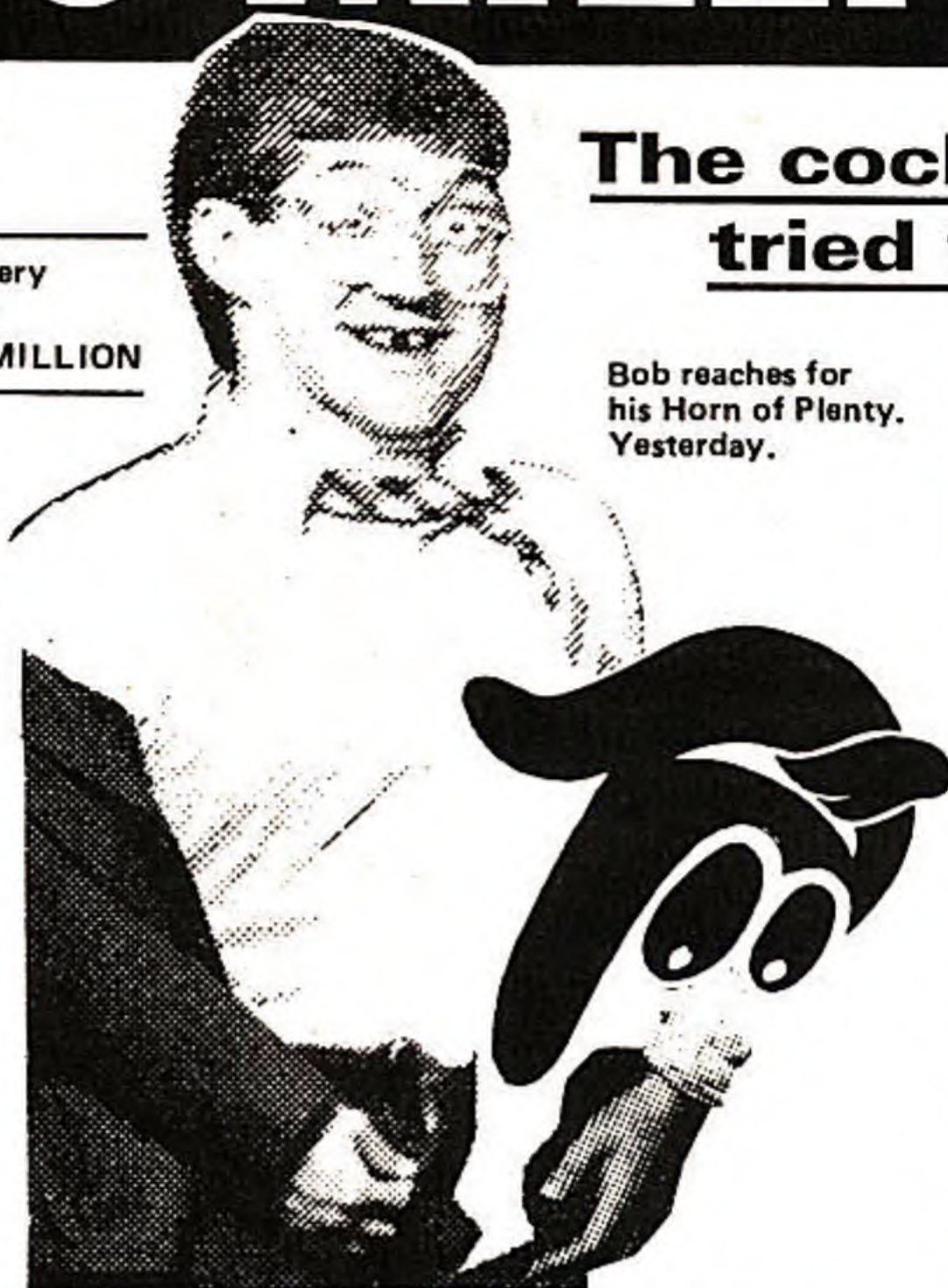
By our fictitious Lottery Correspondents

JACK POTT and WYN A. MILLION

of luck is all you need to win the jackpot. I'd suck it myself, but I can't reach. So any girls out there who want to boost their chances, they're welcome to come along and give it a quick lick."

CADGER

Surely there must be a catch? Not according to 22 stone Ted, 37, who retired from his job as a road sweeper on health grounds. "I'm not after a share of the winnings. The lucky ladies can keep the lot. I'll get my satisfaction from simply knowing that loads of good looking birds are going to win the Lottery".



The cock Camelot tried to ban!

Bob reaches for his Horn of Plenty. Yesterday.

Lottery bosses were yesterday thrown into a panic when we told them that one of our readers had a lucky bell end.

SUCK

"If this is true we stand to lose a fortune, with massive payouts due to all the women who suck this fellow's cock", a spokesman told us. "We will have to look very carefully at this situation", he added.

The jackpot for next week's draw could be as much as £100 million as thick people flock to buy the £1 a time tickets.

1



WONDERFUL WAYS TO WASTE A POUND

Imagine what you could do with £1 if you had the sense not to enter the National Lottery. Just imagine what you could buy if you hadn't pissed your pound into the wind in Britain's biggest waste of money.

1 Buy a lace for one of £10 million football star Ryan Giggs' boots.



2 Park FIVE Rolls Royces on parking meters for up to an hour.

3 Buy FOUR first class stamps, enough to post letters to up to four of your friends.



4 Buy a packet of SIX Penguin biscuits.

5 Treat FIFTY of your friends to a tuppenny chew.

6 Get a bus to the travel agents, and look at a brochure for Richard Branson's exotic Neckar Island in the Caribbean. Then walk home again.

7 Buy THREE dodgy cigarette lighters from a burly youth in the street.

8 Buy up to a 100 poppies on Remembrance Day.



Bob Hoskins

9 Ring Bob Hoskins at BT's new weekend rates and hurl obscenities at him for THIRTY MINUTES!

10 Buy 34 pages of the latest issue of your favourite load of jizz Viz, or 750 sheets of toilet roll.



We offer 6 week residential courses in our fully equipped Gothic laboratories deep in the heart of Bavaria. We will teach you how to:

- * **MEDDLE** with things you do not understand
- * **TAMPER** with nature, and the very fabric of life itself
- * **UNLEASH** mighty forces and powers you will not be able to control

At our bleak and windswept castle, completely refurbished following our annual fire, you will be given the opportunity to lock yourself in a laboratory and go without food for days. The stormy weather is ideal for dramatic experimentation, and you will have the opportunity to throw several large switches, while qualified lab technicians, all genuine mute humpbacks, cower nearby.

"I can highly recommend the course. After only two weeks I was so engrossed in my work that I became deaf to the warnings of my attractive young fiancée".

H.B. Essex

Call in today for a full prospectus and price list.

The Bavarian College of Mad Science

Castle Fulstenstein
Fulstenstien Mountains, Bavaria
(Turn left at the fork in the woods)

Baywatch babe boobs in plakka knocker shocker

TIT OFF for the lads!

Baywatch beauty Pamela Anderson gave two Tyneside fans more than they bargained for when they visited the set of the popular American TV show. For the likely lads were stunned when one of her tits fell off.

PLASTIC

"I'd been hoping she might get them out, but I never expected anything like this", said Bob Johnson of Whitley Bay who had travelled over 2,000 miles to visit his TV idol. Pal Fred Jones thought he had died and gone to heaven when he picked up the plastic bosom and handed it back to its owner.

JILTED

"I must admit I had a bit of a feel before I gave her it back. It's something I've often dreamt of doing. My mates will never believe me when I tell them I felt one of them. Not only that, but I

actually picked it up and helped her screw it back on".

WRECKLESS

Stunning blonde Pamela, 26, took the incident in her stride. "She didn't seem too upset about it. She just gave it a rub with a towel to get the sand off it, then carried on as if nothing had happened", said Bob, a lifelong Newcastle United supporter.

SALT

Anderson's tits, which are plastic, are thought to have cost the sex bomb actress around \$250,000 each.

A spokesperson for the manufacturers, Hollywood Knockers, said that the tits were designed to be interchangeable, and that so far they had not received any complaints from the round arsed little Baywatch stunner.



Bob and Fred pose with their idol after Pam's sham yams were put back under wraps.

Plastic tits are nothing new

The recent plastic boob boom has made millionaires of Beverley Hills' estimated 3.5 million cosmetic surgeons.

Indeed Tinsel Town boasts the highest ratio of plastic surgeons of any town in the world, with an amazing SEVEN plastic surgeons to every one resident, compared with only one plastic surgeon per 1,000 in some parts of Scotland. Among the most popular ops are:

* **NOSE JOBS**, where the stars nose can be lengthened, shortened, or removed completely. Cost: \$50,000

* **LIP SUCTIONS** which involve the doctor sucking the patients lips, to make them bigger. Cost: \$100,000

* **EYE ADJUSTMENTS** where surgeons swap round a patients eyes, or simply turn them upside down. Cost: \$250,000

By our showbusiness
correspondent

HARRISON TOOLSHED
JUNIOR III

* **PLASTIC TITS.** Stars can pick up a new pair from a catalogue. Cost depends on how big they are, but prices start at around \$200,000 for a couple of spaniel ears, and a star could pay anything up to \$20 million for a pair of real bazookas, with nipples like chapel hat pegs.

However plastic surgery is nothing new. For although the technology



Grant - bakelite arse
(above), Stone - minge
rumour, and hubby
Romeo Challenger



and materials have changed, vein stars have been going under the knife for many years in order to improve their appearances.

GABLE

Clark Gable was fitted with a bakelite arse as long ago as 1938. Although his new backside was beset with technical troubles, Gable believed his trousers hung better on it, and wore it until his death in 1983.

WITS

Star of black and white films Humphrey Bogart experimented with a rubber chin in the early fifties. But the rubber chin was a flop, and Bogart later regretted having his original chin removed. In one of his last films 'Digby The Biggest Dog In The

World' Bogart had a small part as a bus driver, and actually appeared on screen with no chin at all. His trademark cigarette was kept in his mouth by an elastic band stretched around the top of his head.

BELL

Sharon Stone is the latest Hollywood star reported to be dabbling in cosmetic surgery. After she posed for a revealing scene in the movie 'Basic Instinct' Stone's husband, former Showaddywaddy drummer Romeo Challenger threatened divorce unless the sexy star invested in a new minge. Rumours that she is paying \$2.5 million to have a new high tech carbon fibre minge manufactured and fitted have

been circulating around Hollywood for several days.

THE

Stone, 39, who is married to former TV Tarzan actor Ron Ely, hopes to have the new minge fitted in time for the filming of her new movie 'Rent-a-ghost', the big screen version of the former hit TV series starring Mr Catchpole. In the movie Stone plays Mrs Meaker, the next door neighbour. Filming is due to start in April.

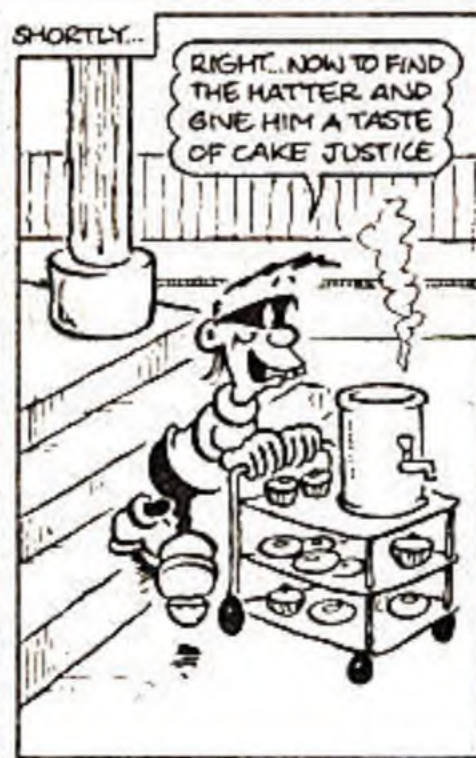
HOT DRINKS BY POST

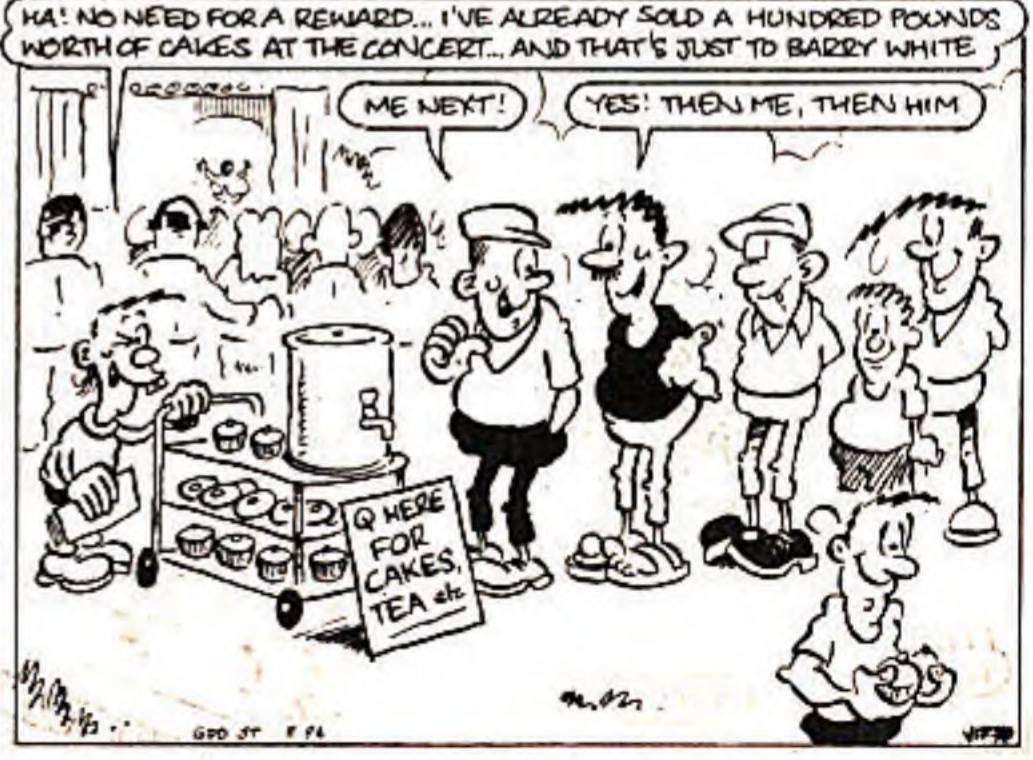
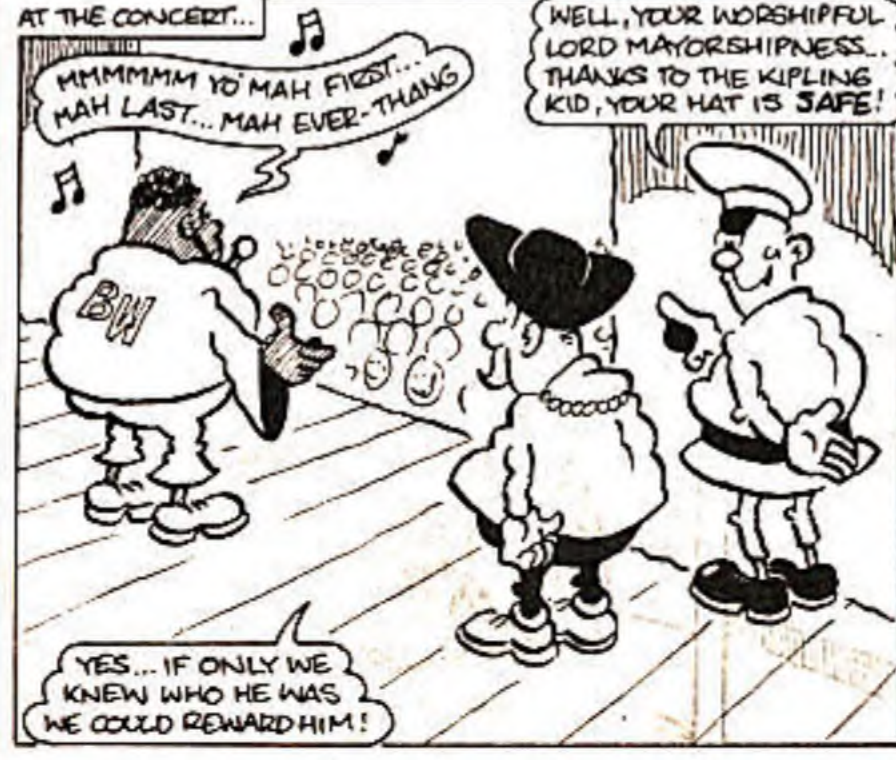
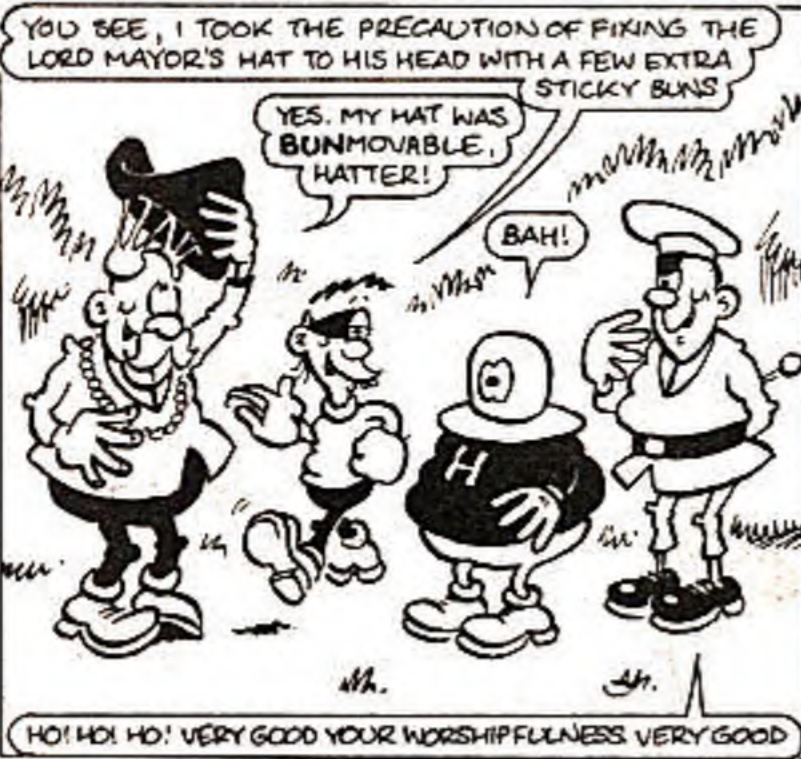
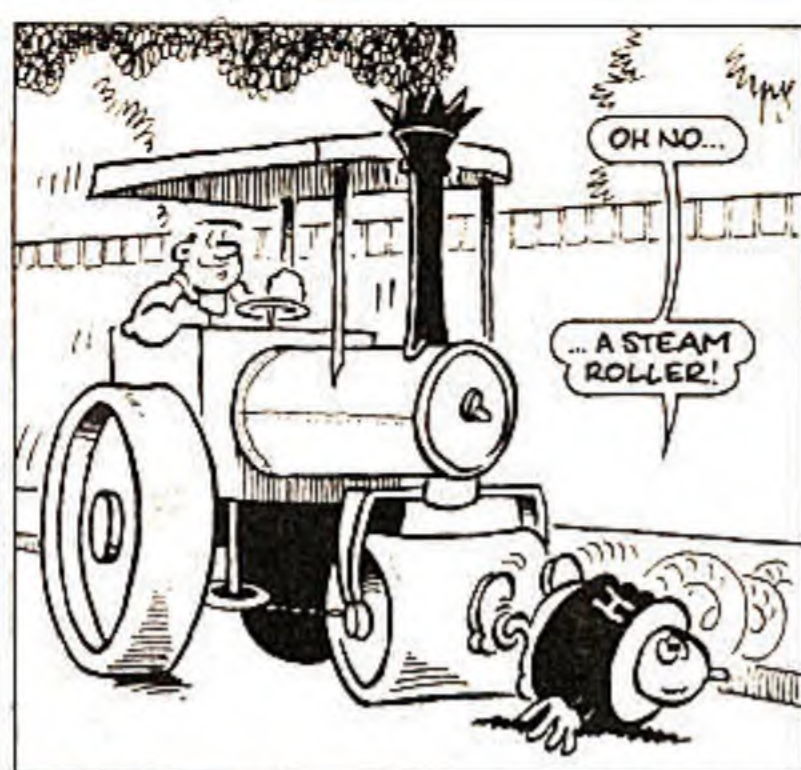
EXAMPLE: Tea £1

I could murder a cup of
Tea ☐ Coffee ☐
with milk ☐ sugar ☐
I enclose £1 Name
Address Postcode

the Kipling Kid and his cake trolley of justice

COUNCIL OFFICE TEA BOY VICTOR KIPLING WAS NO ORDINARY TEA BOY. WHEN CALLED UPON, HE DEALT OUT JUSTICE AND CAKE AS THE CRIMEFIGHTING KIPLING KID.





—Gone West! But we bring dead Fred to justice

RIGHT FRED'S DEAD

House of Horrors mass murder suspect Fred West may have slipped the hangman's noose by committing suicide, but today he faces justice at last thanks to your load of jizz Viz.

For we have arranged a trial of our own to decide whether West should be allowed into Heaven, or banished to Hell. And it will be the first court case in Britain to be heard by a jury made up entirely of Freds.

One famous Fred may be dead, but we asked the best of the rest to put West to the test, and decide dead Fred's fate. We summoned a jury of twelve good Freds and true and asked them to decide whether West's soul should be welcomed through the Pearly Gates, or damned to burn in the eternal fires of Hell. The Church of England has agreed to abide by the decision of our jury. And so the future of Fred West's soul hangs in the balance. Here is what our jury of Freds said.

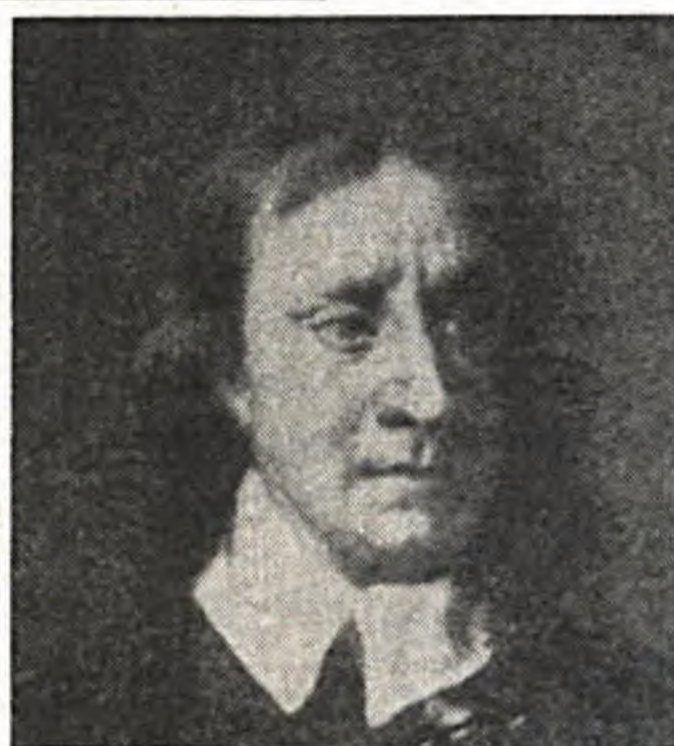
Mastermind champion **Fred Housego** never listed mass murder as one of his specialist subjects, but no former taxi driver would 'pass' on the question of law and order. "Fare's fare", quipped the former cabbie. "A man is innocent until proved guilty. But if you wanna know my opinion, I reckon hangin's too good for 'im".

Verdict: Hell said Fred



The next Fred we spoke to was doo-lally booze and drug funny-man **Freddie Starr**. Typically the zany comic and singer answered the phone dressed as Hitler with Wellington boots on. When we explained the court case he disappeared, returning to

But will he go to Heaven or Hell?



Members of the Fred, have you reached a Fredict on which you are all agreed? Freds Mercury (left) erm... Oliver Cromwell (middle), and Flintstone, yesterday. We only thought of Fred Flintstone at the last minute. Oh...and that bloke off 'How' as well. Shit!

the phone in an Elvis outfit. "He-e-e's the Devil in disguise, oh yes he is, Devil in disguise...", he sang before eating a hamster.

Verdict: Hell said Fred

"It sounds like a nightmare on Cromwell Street", said **Freddie Kruger**, who as the star of Nightmare on Elm Street has done a few murders himself over the years. "I've done four films of murdering kids, so I've already booked a ticket to Hell", said Fred, who has sharp fingers and a hat. "Tell Fred West I'll see him there".

Verdict: Hell said Fred

Freddie Garrety out of Freddie and the Dreamers was sailing high in the charts with hits like 'You Were Made For Me' long before Fred West had even thought of murdering people and burying them under his house. When we called, Freddie's dad, Mr Garrety, told us that Freddie had nipped round to a friend's house to listen to some records. "I honestly don't know what time he'll be back, Mr Garrety told us. "Perhaps you could try calling again around tea time".

Verdict: Fred wasn't in

Traditionally jurors aren't allowed to wear hats, but in the case of **Freddie 'Parrot Face' Davies** we made an exception. For the long forgotten TV clown would be lost without his famous badly fitting bowler. A comic by trade, Freddie never-the-less had some serious words to say on the subject of crime. "I'm thpth-ptth-thick, pth-ptth-ptthick, pth-ptth-ptthick

Britain's first ever TRIAL BY FREDs

up to here with math-ptth murderwerth!!" he spluttered, using a raised finger to indicate his eyebrows.

Verdict: Hell said Fred

The Daily Mail's **Fred Bassett** was the first juror to speak up in West's defence. Or think up to be more precise. For the cartoon dog cannot talk, but is able to think like a human. "I only bury bones, not dead people", he thought. "But I say - or think rather - forgive and forget. After all, unlike me, Fred West was only human.

Verdict: Heaven said Fred

Our next juror is well qualified to talk about Heaven. For as a dead person himself Queen's **Freddie Mercury** lives there already. But he had this warning for West. "He'll be a marked man. Frankly, he'd be better off in Hell", said the tragic AIDS victim.

Verdict: Hell said dead Fred

We couldn't think of any more Freds, so instead we decided to ask salmon magnate John **WEST** for an opinion. Perhaps he'd agree that there's something fishy about your ex-wife, daughter and several other people turning up dead under your house. "It's the fish that we reject that make John West the best", said a spokesman. "With the possible exception of the contaminated stuff we sold a few years ago. But forgive and forget, eh? It's all water under the bridge, isn't it".

Verdict: Heaven said John West spokesman

Late actress **Mae West** disagreed.

"I hope Fred West doesn't 'come up and see me some time' in Heaven, and murder me. Then bury me under a patio in the Garden of Eden or something", quipped the late black and white movie sex siren. "I certainly wouldn't be pleased to see him... or a gun in his pocket... or something like that anyway".



Verdict: Hell said Mae

Although she isn't called Fred, or West, our next juror starred in the film **West Side Story**. And **Natalie Wood** has first hand experience of murder. For her boyfriend got killed at the end, even though he was only trying to stop the fight. Cos he loved her, even though she was a shark. Anyway, another tragic thing happened when we rung up



her husband Robert Wagner, because he turned round and said Natalie had fell out of his boat and drowned in the water several years ago.

Verdict: Death by mis-adventure

Next we tried to have a word with Oliver Cromwell, the famous bloke out of history. However the operator told us telephones were not invented in the 1600's, and it was not possible to put us through.

Instead we called the BBC's Janet Street-Porter, but she told us to fuck off.

Unfortunately the Church of England were not prepared to accept a majority of 'Hell' by seven votes to two, so Fred West's soul can breath again. But not for long...

YOU decide

Viz in association with the Church of England now invite YOU the public to 'serve' on our special telephone jury hotline which will decide whether Fred West goes to Heaven or Hell. To cast your vote simply dial our Jury Hotline on:

0191 - 21 21 213

When you hear the tone, just say "HEAVEN" or "HELL" in order to register your vote, then replace your handset. If you are eating, please wait until your mouth is empty before speaking. All calls will be charged at normal BT rates.

We will officially notify the Bishop of Durham of the result by writing the verdict on a farmer's cock and shoving it through a hole in a public lavatory wall 26 years ago.

Coming soon to a cinema near you...

DROWNING INFERNO!

Britain's cinemas are a disaster waiting to happen, according to a report out today. Safety experts fear that **HUNDREDS** of people could be killed, among them women and young children, if one of Britain's estimated five thousand cinemas were to fill with water.

Professor Albert Gubbins, who lectures in Cinema Design at the University of Scotch Corner in Yorkshire, believes that cinemas in Britain have a fundamental design flaw which makes every one a potential death trap.

DOORS

"Invariably cinema 'EXIT' doors are at the bottom of the building, at ground floor level. But in the event of a cinema filling with water, this will leave cinema goers unable to reach them, as they will all be clinging to floating debris and bobbing up and down in the water, up at ceiling level. To get out of the doors they would have to hold their breath for a considerable period of time and swim anything up to one hundred feet below the water to reach the exits," he claimed yesterday.

BYRDS

"The addition of an extra floor at 'circle' or 'balcony' level to provide a horizontal bulkhead thus dividing the cinema into two separate rooms would significantly reduce the risk of people falling to their deaths should the building turn over, and it would also make swimming to the exits considerably easier in the event of the cinema filling with water. However there is a basic need for cinema doors to be incorporated into the roof to prevent the risk of drowning".

KINKS

Cinema bosses have already rejected this idea, claiming that it would be too expensive, and that the price of popcorn would have to go up by 50p a tub to pay for the work.



Professor Gubbins - disaster waiting to happen

Newsnut!

Clever-and-knows-it TV newsreader Jeremy Paxman has been banned from eating nuts during the BBC's live 'Newsnight' programme.

Over the Christmas period Paxman insisted on having a bowl of walnuts just off camera, and a pair of nut crackers so that he could eat them during pre-recorded news reports.

However complaints were received after cracking noises were overheard by several viewers. One woman from Ipswich actually spotted fragments of nut shells on Paxman's desk and tie.

"She must have very good eyesight indeed", Paxman said yesterday after telling bosses he would eat raisins in future.

SALES NOTICES & POP CONCERTS

On the instructions of the Official Receiver

SALE BY AUCTION

of Bankrupt Stock

SUNDRY ITEMS OF WORLD DOMINATION EQUIPMENT

Inventory to include:

- * Complete underground MONORAIL system, two miles of track, plus battery powered locomotives.
- * One large map of the world, with lights in it.
- * Several perspex mounted atom bombs with LED digital countdown.
- * One Briggs and Stratton model A50 crane launched Emergency Escape Mini-Submarine. Only used once.
- * Firearms. Over 1,000 lots of assorted weaponry, to include machine guns, harpoon guns, gold-en guns, etc.

Plus hundreds of miscellaneous lots to include: Various exploding cake trolleys, sharp hats, metal teeth, lesbian poisonous shoes, etc. 2000 bright orange boiler suits, 150 white laboratory coats, one gross clipboards, assorted scuba diving equipment, two fur bikinis, lazer tables, several canisters of invisible nerve gas, three oil drums of alligator food, a pool full of sharks (buyer collects), and two dozen tins of cat food.

SOLD IN LOTS TO SUIT TRADE OR PRIVATE PURCHASERS.

MILLER & ANDERSON SALEROOMS

Front Street, Portsmouth

Sale commences midday

Tuesday 7th March 1994

Viewing on morning of sale only from 10.00am.

Terms: Cash or Bankers Draft.

Cheques acceptable with Bankers Letter only.

On the Instructions of the Official Receivers

FOR SALE

by way of Sealed Tender

FREEHOLD DEVELOPMENT PROPERTY

UNCHARTED PACIFIC ISLAND

Comprising a small volcanic island in the Pacific Ocean within helicopter range of the United States. Hollowed out extinct volcano offers generous space internally. Access via enormous metal sliding doors above.

Suitable for a variety of uses subject to necessary planning consents.

Rocket launching equipment, to include giant front opening space rocket, available by separate negotiation.

Accompanied viewing only by arrangement with agent.

Full and final offers to be received in writing by 12.00 midday Thursday 27th April 1995.

SAVILLES

ESTATE AGENTS & VALUERS

Sloane Square, London SW1

SHAKIN' STEVENS

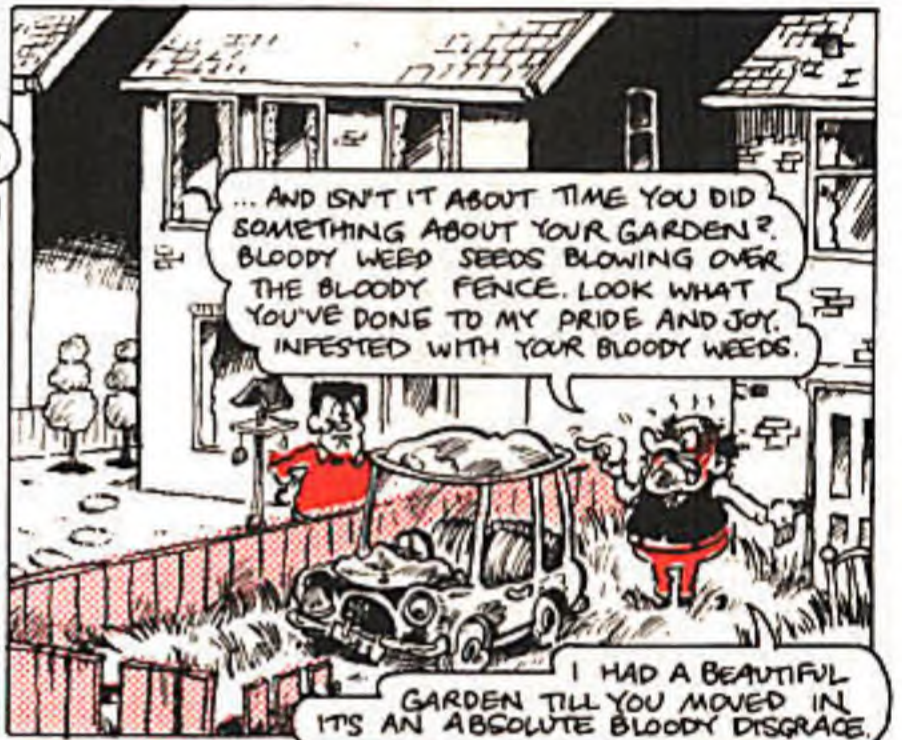
17 DATE NATIONWIDE TOUR

MARCH dates: 25 Lakeside Surrey, 26 Derngate North'pton, 27 Colston Hall Bristol, 28 St Davids Hall Cardiff, 30 Dacorham Pavillion Hemel Hempstead, 31 Royal Concert Hall Nottingham.

Shaky says 'Win tickets for my April dates in the next fun packed issue of Viz'



OUR NEIGHBOURS ARE BASTARDS



This week **Cliff Richard** on his unusual collection of **party hats**

Interview by Helen Pickled

I still remember the first hat I ever collected. It popped out of a cracker at my fifth birthday party. It was yellow, and I remember thinking how nice it looked. It was far too big for me, but according to my mother I wore it for a week, and then kept it in a shoe box in the bottom of my wardrobe. I still have it somewhere'.

Cliff Richard digs deep in one of several cardboard boxes stacked precariously on top of each other. We are in his Hat Room, a large attic space above his Surrey mansion devoted entirely to the storage of paper hats. "I keep most of them up here, unless I'm having friends round, in which case I'll probably get a few out and scatter them around the house. They really are marvellous things. They brighten up the place even on the dullest day. They're not just for your head, you know. You can put them on tables, pop one on the telly, hang them on door handles. I have all sorts of fun with them'. With that he hops onto a chair and carefully drapes a green crepe paper hat over a light bulb. "See! An instant light shade!"

Cliff likes his hats. He's lost count of how many he has, but the last estimate was well over 40,000. "Unfortunately

Cliff Richard is Britain's oldest pop star. A practising Christian and keen tennis player, he had his first hit record in 1946, and still dances and skate boards at the age of 72. He doesn't drink or take drugs, and goes to the toilet regularly just like everyone else.

the colour fades if you leave them out too long. Most of them are sealed inside brown envelopes if I'm not using them. The oldest was given to me by a friend. It came out of a cracker in 1932. It's probably worth a lot of money now, but I get so much pleasure from wearing my hats, and showing them to my friends, I would never part with any of them."

"Here!" he says, producing a Christmas cracker from nowhere. "It's not Christmas, but I keep these for special occasions". Bang! Expertly he grabs the contents, and makes straight for the paper hat. "Brilliant. A red one. I love red ones".



Cliff relaxes in the kitchen of his Surrey home with just a few of his hats. "I don't have a favourite. They're all special to me".

Surprisingly Cliff does not have a favourite hat.

"No. I like them all just as much. They're all special to me. We're one big happy family of hats".

But with a family of over 40,000, and only one head, wearing all his hats must be a time consuming business. What,

I wondered, is the biggest number of hats he has ever worn at once?

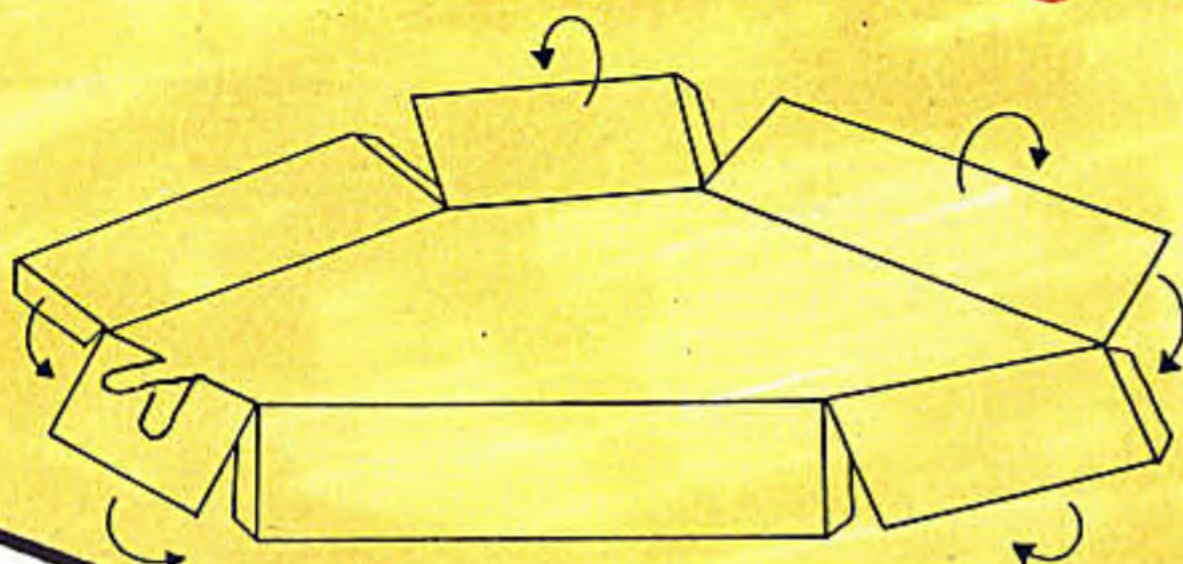
"Gosh. There's a question. It must have been Christmas Day a few years ago. I couldn't decide which one to wear. In the end I think I ended up with five on my head all at the same time!"

Cliff shows me to the door, still wearing a hat. "Thank you for coming to see my hats", he says as he waves goodbye.

The door closes. And seconds later, from inside the house, I hear the sound of another cracker being pulled. ■

Next week: Olivia Newton John shows us her collection of staple guns.

How to make your Take That bicycle seat cover



Here it is at last! A sexy Take That souvenir you can use when you're on your cycle. You'll have hours of fun sitting on the smiling faces of your pop favourites. Simply follow these easy instructions, then jump on your bike and peddle away!

1. Cut around solid bicycle seat cover outline.
2. Make a 'U' shaped cut around the solid outline of Howard's tongue.
3. Fold down the flaps along the dotted lines, and bend in the tabs A, B and C.
4. Glue the tabs to back of flaps to form bicycle seat cover, and affix to bicycle seat with several elastic bands.

lost



Jason + me
= true
love 4 ever
(true)

OOH! OOH!
YES!



OOH YES HOWARD!
JUST THERE!

I ♥ Howard
4 me
4 ever

Claudia
Z
+
Robie
H.O.L.L.A.N.D.

Howard is lush
are will never die
John is a Puff (true).